

The Sketch.



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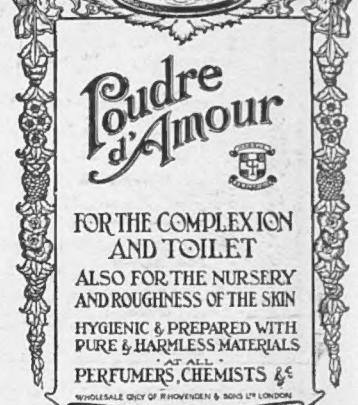
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The Sketch

No. 1035.—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



MR. FRIVOL: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS A MIME, IN "THE MALINGERER."

There are matinées of a triple bill at the Prince of Wales's on Tuesdays and Fridays, when are presented "The Maligner," a wordless play by Sidney Lewis-Ransom; "An Imaginary Conversation," by Norreys Connell; and "The Dumb and the Blind," by Harold Chapin. In the first-named, Miss Marie Tempest, fascinating as ever, shows herself a mime of the first rank. Other illustrations of this play will be found elsewhere in this Number.—[Photograph by E. O. Hopper.]

ORDER IT NOW : "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"*The Sketch*" Christmas Number will be on sale at all bookstalls and at all newsagents' on Monday next, December 2. Order your copy, or copies, now; delay may mean disappointment, for the issue is always sold out with great speed. The number is as light and bright as usual. A superb presentation plate in photogravure—"That's Me!"—is given away; while in the issue are included, amongst other features, seven pictures in full colours; eight studies in blue and black, and red and black; four photogravures; "Christmas Legends," by W. Heath Robinson; and stories by well-known authors. The price is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

On Buying a House. I had imagined that it was quite a simple matter to buy a house. I thought that one had a look at the house, of course. After that,

I supposed, if you liked the house, you just paid over the money and moved in. If you have not yet bought a house, friend the reader, I am sure you believe that it is quite as easy as that.

Let me warn you. It is as difficult to buy a house and get into it, even when both the parties to the transaction are ready and willing to complete the transaction, as (I have always understood) it is difficult to get out of prison. The moment it becomes known that you have found the house of your dreams, and have made a definite offer for it, everybody puts every possible obstacle in your way. In the first place, you have to deal with your friends and relations.

"My dear fellow!" they say, eyebrows well up.

"What?" you ask.

"Why!" they reply.

"What?" you repeat, a little petulantly.

"Why, my dear fellow, that house you propose to buy!"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Well, do you like it yourself?"

"Of course I like it or I shouldn't be such a drivelling fool as to offer to buy it!"

"Oh, all right," they say, and go away and tell each other that you are getting swelled head.

More Trouble. Then your surveyor comes along. He says you should have called him in before making an offer for the house; still, nothing is signed, and he will do his best. He does do his best. He has all the drains up, and all the roof down, and puts a lot of extremely offensive questions to the owner. You can see the owner wrapping himself into a small, hard bundle and getting ready to kick you and the surveyor into the road. Your surveyor then sends you what he calls a report. This is one prolonged sniff at the whole property, from the lightning-conductor to the door-scraper. If anything could put you out of conceit with the house, the surveyor's report will do it. But nothing can put you out of conceit with the house if you really like the house. You are determined to go right through with the business.

You next go to your lawyer. He tells you that you should never have moved one single step in the matter without consulting him, and asks you whether you have seen the title-deeds.

"What title-deeds?" you reply.

It comes out that you do not know whether the man who sold the land to the man who sold the land to the man who sold the land to the man from whom you are buying the land, had any right to sell the land. Deeds must be hunted up in all kinds of cellars and museums, and you must pay so many guineas for the privilege of looking at them. In the end, your solicitor discovers that the first man had a perfect right to sell the land, which you could have told him bang off without all that fuss and expense.

The Government. Somewhere about this stage, of course, the Government gets to know that you are buying a house, and must needs have a long and greedy talon in the pie. Not content with taking a nice little lump of money from the man who is selling the house, the Government—I mean any Government, not only this one—also takes another little lump from the man who is buying.

I was struck all of a heap when I made this discovery. I had never expected anything so mean. Imagine! A man slaves and

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

slaves, and saves and saves. Instead of spending his nights in riotous living, he goes quietly home and gets into bed. Instead of buying himself a motor-car, and flinging mud all over his friends just to let them know how nicely he is getting on in the world, he contents himself with 'buses and an occasional taxi. Thus, by thrift and self-denial, he acquires enough money to buy himself a house.

"Ho, ho!" cries the Government. "Here's another of 'em! Go for 'im! Squeeze 'im! Get a good big bit off 'im! We'll teach the brute to buy a house instead of unlimited champagne and cigars! We'll teach him to be industrious and thrifty instead of lazy and thriftless! Get it off 'im!"

Yes, I was pained and surprised at the conduct of the State.

When You Get In.

At last, however, you get into your house. "Now," you say, "my troubles are over. This house is mine and this piece of land is mine. Nobody can turn me out of it. Every bit of wood, and every bit of stone, and every nail is mine, mine, mine! I shall have no rent to pay. Here I am, all snug and comfortable."

"Oh, are you? You have forgotten that all the gas-fittings must be overhauled, that curtains must be made for all the windows, that a lot of new furniture will be required, that the piano must be tuned, and the dog washed, and the garden put in order, and coal, and wood and coke stored for the winter, and your change of address notified to a thousand people, and the telephone installed, and the pictures hung, and the books taken into the garden and banged violently together, and carpets beaten."

"Get all those things done!" you cry. "I will sit here and endure it!"

"Yes, but the plumber cannot come till next week, and the woman who would have made the curtains has hurt her hand, and the piano wants three new strings before it can be tuned, and we must let the vet. see the dog before we wash him, and the gardener cannot work because it is raining, and the carpets cannot be beaten for the same reason, and the coal-merchant has so many orders that he cannot attend to us for a long time, and the telephone-people never do come for months and months, and the pictures must not be hung until the walls have been thoroughly dusted, and—Yes. You must either go mad or to Brighton for a fortnight."

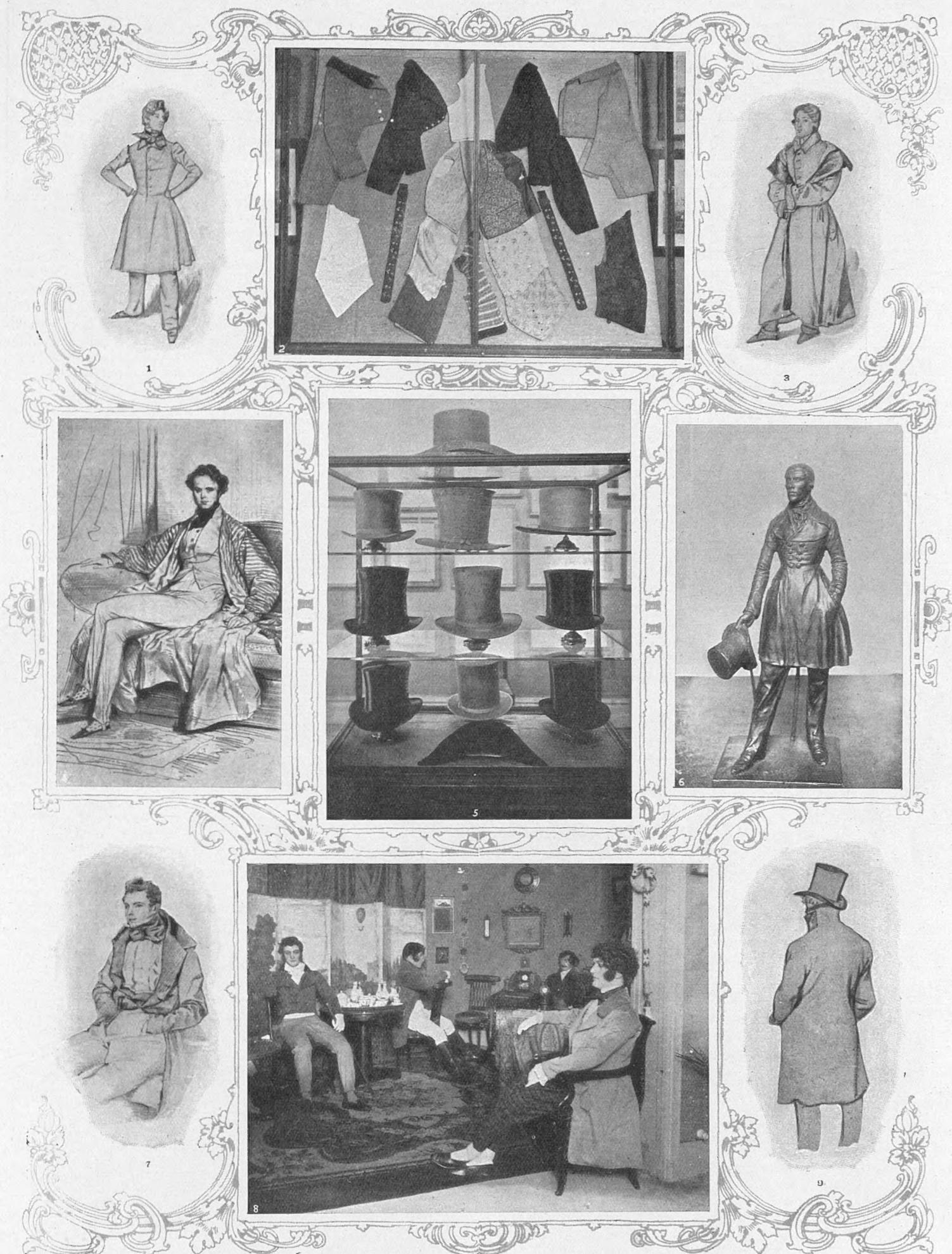
Ideal Conditions for Work.

"I will not go to Brighton," said I. "Why should I leave my house the moment that I have bought it? And why should I be out of my house during the most fascinating period of its history? No. I will see every book banged and every tack driven. I will listen to the tuning of the piano and revel in the sweet howlings of the unwilling dog. I will myself hang the pictures. I will watch the dust fly from my carpets, and I will stand by the gardener and incite him to more frantic efforts. I will crack a joke with the plumber about plumbing, and I will turn the handle of the sewing-machine whilst the curtains are made for the windows. I will harry the coal-merchant until he sends the coal and coke, and I will write more and more violent letters to the Post Office every day until the telephone is installed."

At this moment, friend the reader, they are all at it. There is a man in every room and four in the garden. And I, the owner, am crouched down behind the dog-kennel, trying to earn the fabulous sums of money that they will presently demand.

It has always been my dream to work under ideal conditions.

PARIS—WHERE THE “NUTS” CAME FROM: A DANDY-EXHIBITION.



1. THE MANNER OF MAN THE ENGLISH “NUT” IS IMITATING: A FRENCH DANDY OF 1830; SHOWN IN PARIS AT THE DANDY-EXHIBITION.
2. SHALL WE SEE THE LIKE IN 1912 - 1913? COATS, WAISTCOATS, CRAVATS, AND STOCKINGS OF 1830 - 1840.
3. THE MANNER OF MAN THE ENGLISH “NUT” IS IMITATING: A FRENCH DANDY OF 1830; SHOWN IN PARIS AT THE DANDY-EXHIBITION.
4. IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN: A DANDY AT HOME IN 1830.
5. TOPPERS FOR THE “NUTS” OF 1830-1850: HATS OF OTHER DAYS.
6. IN FULL FIG: A DANDY OF THE 1830's IN OUTDOOR DRESS.
7. A DANDY OF 1830.
8. WHEN SIDE-WHISKERS WERE IN VOGUE: A BACHELOR'S ROOM IN 1830.
9. A DANDY OF 1830.

Now that there is a tendency to return to the fashions of 1830, considerable attention should be drawn to an exhibition being held at the Galerie Devambez, Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, which is designed to show the “nut” of to-day how a typical “nut” of 1830 and thereabouts dressed.

Photographs by Excelsior Illustrations.



Lady Glenconner and Her Public.

Anne's Gate is, "for the present at any rate," closed to the public. There are many reasons for the shutting of the doors, the season, mud, and lack of visitors among them. In old days it was stated that visitors to the picture-gallery at Stafford House were "expected to come in carriages" because of the quantity of rich London dirt they otherwise left upon the floor; and the Duke of Wellington, or some other exalted curator, at one time provided knitted over-shoes for his pedestrian guests. But the chief question that Lady Glenconner had to decide was "for what number of visitors is it worth while to suffer the inconvenience of keeping a public gallery on the premises?"

Perhaps of Pirates!

Lady Glenconner puts No. 34, Queen Anne's Gate to many uses, and the other night the Poetry Society was received in the Gallery. She did not, however, make herself wholly responsible for the entertainment of

the Muse or the assembled medley of her votaries; Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who has the look of a captain (though perhaps of pirates), presided. Mr. Herbert Trench and Lord Dunsany compared stage notes; Lady Tree, Lord Lamington, Mme. Ada Crossley, and Mr. A. P. Graves were also present. Mr. Lewis Hind, although he stood in a gallery, felt that the adventure, for once, was not among pictures, but people; and Sir Ernest Shackleton was heard to talk much more of



ENGAGED TO MISS EDWINE THORNBOROUGH, OF ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.: SIR WILFRID PECK, BT., OF ROUSDON. Sir Wilfrid is the third Baronet of a creation dating from 1874, was born in October 1884, and succeeded his father in 1901. He holds a commission in the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry. His heir is his brother, Roger Grenville, who is in the 9th Lancers. The first Baronet was M.P. for Mid-Surrey (C.) from 1868 to 1884.

Photograph by Browning.

the Arts than of the Arctics.

In Smith Square, Mr. and Mrs. McKenna so much liked the looks of their new house as it shed scaffolding and scaffold that they entered into possession almost before the walls were done perspiring. They outstripped their furniture-vans, and were content, for a time, to do without the cushions of Liberty and the East for the sake of pacing their delightful rooms. For a first luncheon Mrs. McKenna has forewarned her guests that the pantry will be the scene of operations, the dining-room being in

Lady Glenconner wishes it to be known that the Tenant Gallery at 34, Queen



AT A MEET AT CIRENCESTER: EARL BATHURST.

Lord Bathurst, seventh Earl of a creation dating from 1772, was born in 1864.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE FIRST MAN-MILLINER DECORATED WITH THE LEGION OF HONOUR: M. LEWIS.

M. Lewis, the famous man-milliner, has just been decorated with the Legion of Honour. He is the first "hat-maker" to receive the Red Ribbon, although dressmaking has been recognised in the cases of Paquin, Worth, and Beer. M. Lewis is a self-made man.



IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: THE EARL OF MINTO, FORMERLY VICEROY OF INDIA.

Lord Minto, who was born in July 1845, has numerous claims to fame. Chief amongst these is his reign as Viceroy in India, from 1905 to 1910. At the Coronation of King George he was a holder of the Canopy. In 1883 he married Miss Mary Caroline Grey.—Mr. Harry W. Smith, here photographed at a meet of the Kilkenny at Ballylinch House, Thomastown, is hunting with that pack until he can hunt his own district, which has not been possible owing to the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. He is the new master of the Westmeath, and has come to Ireland—an American millionaire—with many horses and a retinue of coloured servants.



AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE AS NEW MASTER OF THE WESTMEATH: MR. HARRY W. SMITH.

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Photographs by Ian Smith and Poole.

every way a perfect dining-room—but without chairs or a table! If indeed the lunch is in the pantry, then it may be suspected that it is a champion pantry, and must be shown before an unrelenting "staff" takes final possession.

Mrs. Winston Churchill Found Out.

A delightful episode is recounted in connection with Mrs. McKenna's move to Smith Square. That Mr. Lutyens, brother-in-law of Lady Constance Lytton, was the architect was unavoidable, even if a certain irony lurks in the fact that he should design the bolts that will be shot against the Suffragette. But Mr. Lutyens is inevitable; he is the architect of the moment. And the policeman on the beat is on his guard, not because Lady Constance is expected, but because other militant ladies are still active. Thus the other day, when Mrs. Winston Churchill went to Smith Square to make her first call on the newcomers, she innocently asked the constable to show her which was "Mrs. McKenna's." For a moment he looked at her with an expression half-indignant, half-amused: "Not if I know it!" he said.

The Bayham Party.

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck stayed last week with Lord and Lady Camden at Bayham Abbey, their famous place in Kent. The party invited to meet them was drawn chiefly from the Services, with sport for the bond of union. Sir Arthur and Lady Clementine Walsh, Lord and Lady Hastings, Captain the Hon. Ferdinand and Mrs. Stanley, Captain and Mrs. Godfrey Faussett, and Admiral and Mrs. Beatty have

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY.

The Governor-designate served Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. with great ability, and afterwards became Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to King George. He was born in 1867, second son of the late General the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Frederick Ponsonby, P.C. In 1899 he married Miss Victoria Lily Kennard.

Photo. by Boissonnas and Tapouer.

all many interests in common with a charming and versatile hostess, and with a host who is as well known at Cowes as at the "Turf." Sir Samuel Scott, with a world of anecdotes of racing, yachting, the county, and soldiering, had also promised to bring his genius for a house-party into play at Bayham. His memories of soldiering, of course, include those of his experiences in the South African War. Like his host, Sir Samuel is a Major in the West Kent Yeomanry. Lord Camden, who is the fourth Marquess, was born, and succeeded, in 1872.

MASQUERADERS FOR CHARITY: THE PANTOMIME BALL.



1. THE WHITE KING IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND": BARON DE THAN.
2. ORGANISING THE ICE MAIDEN PROCESSION: THE HON. MRS. REGINALD PARKER.
3. BLUE BEARD'S SIXTH WIFE: LADY SARAH WILSON.
4. ORGANISING THE "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" PROCESSION: THE HON. MRS. ALFRED YORKE.
5. FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE FORTY THIEVES: MR. SECCOMBE HETT.

6. ORGANISING THE "WATER-LILY" PROCESSION: LADY COHEN.
7. ORGANISING THE "BLUE BEARD" PROCESSION AND TO REPRESENT BLUE BEARD: LORD ALINGTON.
8. ORGANISING THE "TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES" PROCESSION: LADY SHEFFIELD OF ALDERLEY.
9. THE CAT IN "DICK WHITTINGTON": MISS MARJORIE HATCH.
10. ORGANISING THE "LAVENDER BLUE" PROCESSION: THE HON. LADY TALBOT.

Society has entered with its customary zest into the preparations for the great Christmas Pantomime Ball, to be held at the Albert Hall on December 4, in aid of University College Hospital. The feature of the occasion will, of course, be the series of twenty-four processions representing fairy stories upon which Christmas pantomimes and other kindred plays have been founded. All the old favourites are in the bill, and additional piquancy is lent to it by the fact that Lady Mond is keeping secret the title of the procession she is organising. That being arranged by Mrs. Bourchier and Mrs. Boucicault is also not yet announced. Lady Constance Hatch, whose daughter Marjorie is to be the Cat in the "Dick Whittington" procession, is acting as honorary secretary. Mr. Seccombe Hett, whose costume is here shown, is one of the surgeons of University College Hospital. His wife is organising the "Forty Thieves" procession. The costume drawings are not portraits.

Photographs by P. Laib, Lafayette, R. Thiele, E. O. Hoppé, and Drawings by "Crow."

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE reception of the Barker "Twelfth Night" will worry those accustomed to traffic in the customary way with Shakespeare, and give gorgeous, realistically mounted productions of faithless versions. For the critics are nearly unanimous in hearty praise of the new revival, as a whole—and in blame of the ugly garden scene, which I hope will be altered. There is some difference of opinion about the Viola: several suggest that she lacks humour. The fact is that she eschews deliberately the almost traditional humour of making fun of the equivocations due to her disguise. So much the better, for, in consequence, we have a truer and more womanly Cesario than before, and the play is helped greatly. Moreover, she was mistakeable as a youth: to me Miss McCarthy's seemed the most admirable of the many Violas I have seen, even if it lacks some agreeable qualities to be found in the Violas of Rehan and Ellen Terry. The Malvolio is a triumph for Mr. Henry Ainley, whose achievement in the comic character, following immediately on his tragic work in "The Winter's Tale," sets him among the first of our living actors; indeed, one may ask curiously who could equal such an accomplishment? Mr. Hayden Coffin's Feste caused surprise as well as pleasure, for few expected him, a hero of musical comedy, to render successfully one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's clowns; yet he did so, even if, at times, his able acting was affected by signs of over-anxiety. The Sir Andrew was more agreeably entertaining, thanks to Mr. Leon Quartermaine, than ever before in my time; and Sir Toby was quite amusing in the hands of Mr. Arthur Whitby, and less of a mere sot than usual. And praise is due to Miss Evelyn Millard and Messrs. Arthur Wontner, D. Neilson-Terry, H. O. Nicholson, and H. Hewettson, and, of course, above all, to Mr. Granville Barker, the mastermind at the back of this charming production of the delightful comedy.

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre Miss Marie Tempest has been showing that she is an expressive, vivacious, and quite delightful mime, as well as a brilliant speaking actress and a singer. In Mr. Norreys Connell's "Imaginary Conversation" between the patriot Emmet, the poet Moore, and his sister Kate, she acted and sang deliciously. The pantomime was "The Maligner," a pleasant little play about a Pierrot who escaped assassination by his rival and terrified that rival by pretending to be a ghost. The music (by Herman Finck) was very graceful and suggestive; the dresses and scenery were a vision of beauty, and the whole performance was a very pleasant entertainment. But the real triumph of the afternoon was an East End sketch by Mr. Harold Chapin, called "The Dumb and the Blind," a really beautiful thing, touched by the most delicate of sentiment, and of a humour which was very affecting. In it Mr. Graham Browne played as we have never seen him play before, and Miss Elsie Davison was an exceedingly pathetic figure as a ruffian's downtrodden wife.

Mr. Bourchier's trial matinée at the Garrick was chiefly notable for his own excellently rich performance of a butler who lied to save his master, in a bright little farce by Mr. Stanley Houghton, called "Phipps." This was highly amusing, and something of the kind was sorely needed, for "The Havoc" by H. Sophus Sheldon, in three acts of antiquated sentimentality, had left us much depressed. It came, apparently, from America, and only illustrated once more how Americans worship the antique. Mr. James Carew is an admirable actor, but his efforts were not rewarded as they deserved. Mr. Julian Royce and Miss Maud Cressall also gave some effective acting, and did their best to help.

The rage for the triple bill continues, the last to date being the programme at the Haymarket, where an excellent entertainment is given in three doses. The first dose—"An Adventure of Aristide Pujol"—is a farce of no great quality, which had a favourable reception. For No. 2 we had "The Golden Doom," by Lord Dunstan: an imaginative work of real if very quiet humour, concerning an unintentional practical joke by two little children—admirably represented by Eileen Esler and Eric Rae—which happened in Assyria before the fall of Babylon. Admirable music by Mr. Norman O'Neill, and very impressive scenery designed by Mr. S. H. Sime, helped to render the cleverly written play well worth a visit. Mr. Stanley Houghton's three-act comedy, "The Younger Generation," hardly appeals to Londoners as a satire or criticism on family life, but it is full of tranquil humour, and has excellent studies of Manchester Nonconformists. Its qualities are similar to those in "Hindle Wakes," but, unfortunately, no very thrilling question agitates the people, and there are even moments when one feels that some of the lifelike conversation could be cut. The acting is another triumph for Miss Horniman, from whose company the chief players come. Mr. Stanley Drewitt, Miss Ada King, Mr. J. V. Bryant, Mr. J. Woodall-Birde, and Miss Caroline Bayley play their parts so well that one is inclined to use the word perfectly.



THINGS PAST AND FUTURE : OBITUARIES AND COMING EVENTS.

Hunting Parsons. The death of the Rev. Charles Slingsby in the hunting-field removes one of the thinning number of celebrated hunting-parsons still left in England. The most celebrated of all the reverend gentlemen who rode to hounds was, of course, Jack Russell, of Swymbridge, who hunted his own pack of hounds on Dartmoor, and that in defiance of the Bishop of Exeter, who wished him to give up his pack. Jack Russell never neglected any pastoral duty; and, indeed, fox-hunting parsons, without exception, have had the good words of their parish. Russell proved very early in life that he was able to hunt hounds and do good brain-work at the same time, for when he was a schoolboy he hunted what in India is called a "bobbery" pack, and also managed to win a Balliol scholarship.

The Discovery of Harrogate Waters. One of the Rev. Charles Slingsby's forebears discovered the healing powers of the Harrrogate waters, and is said to have first had his attention drawn to the spring by the number of peewits which collected on the Stray to drink the warm waters. It is curious that there is a legend connected with animals concerning the discovery of many celebrated springs, those of Bath amongst them. It is told that King Bladud, being affected with leprosy, became a swineherd; that the swine caught leprosy from him, but cured themselves by wallowing in the mire where the hot springs of Bath bubbled up, and that Bladud, following their example, was also cured. There is a somewhat similar story at Carlsbad, but there the first discoverer did not bring fame to the wells, which only became known when the Emperor Charles IV., when out hunting, bathed his feet in the Sprudel, and found it so hot that he was sure that it must have great medicinal properties.

Colonel Gore-Browne. Colonel Gore-Browne, who won the Victoria Cross during the defence of Lucknow, and who passed intrepidly through all the scenes of carnage in the hand-to-hand fighting which occurred against the rebels, could not in cold blood endure the sight of a cut finger, nor could he bear to see any animal being led to a slaughter-house. It is curious that the nerves of the bravest of the brave are often affected by quite small matters. The best-known example is, of course, the effect the presence of a cat has upon Lord Roberts, the staunchest soldier of them all. On one occasion, in the battles outside Kabul, the members of his staff were astonished to see their leader shivering and scarcely able to speak. They soon found the cause, for a large cat had appeared on the wall against which the fearless General was standing. The cat was driven away and Lord Roberts became himself again. It was once said of Lord Roberts that the one army that he certainly could not defeat would be an army of cats.

A Home from Home
for Kings.

The gossips of the clubs had it last week that an hotel is shortly to be built in London for the exclusive use of royalties on their travels when they are not paying an official visit to this country. It is not very often that any of the Kings and Queens of Europe or their children come to England unless they are going to stay with relations here. The King of Spain, who is probably our most constant visitor, as a rule takes up his quarters in the Isle of Wight, and our King's Danish and Norwegian and Swedish relatives seem to prefer Sandringham to any other place in this kingdom. I would warrant that if such an hotel were built the suites would be almost exclusively used by those Americans who love the shadow of royalty, and like spending as much money as possible during their stays in Europe. "Reserve me royal suite" would be a frequent Marconigram sent to the hotel of royalty which would so rarely house royalties. Claridge's at one time used to be known as "The Home of Kings," and the Ritz has sheltered more than one crowned head; but any hotel which depended for its upkeep exclusively on the support of foreign royalty would stand empty for most weeks in the year.

The Coming Taxi Strike.

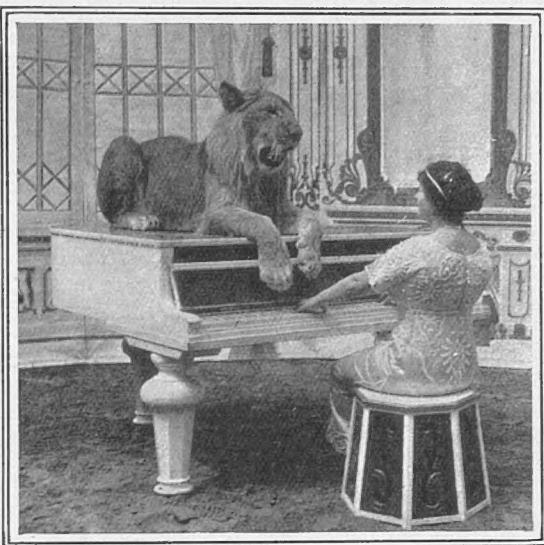
We are threatened about Christmas time by another strike of

taxis-drivers, which is news that will be grateful only to the poor old fellows who drive growlers, and who sit all day on the rank, hoping against hope for a fare. The taxi-drivers state that they could not make a living now except for the generosity of the public in tips, and they should remember before they strike that the people they put to discomfort are the people whose generosity, they say, alone enables them to make a living. If their grievance is a genuine one (and none of us has any reason to believe that it is not), there should be some method of putting things right, even if a sliding scale of fares to correspond with the varying price of petrol had to be instituted. I would far sooner pay a shilling as the minimum fare, as used to be the case when we all rode in hansom cabs, than have to walk home from the theatre or the club through a winter's night.

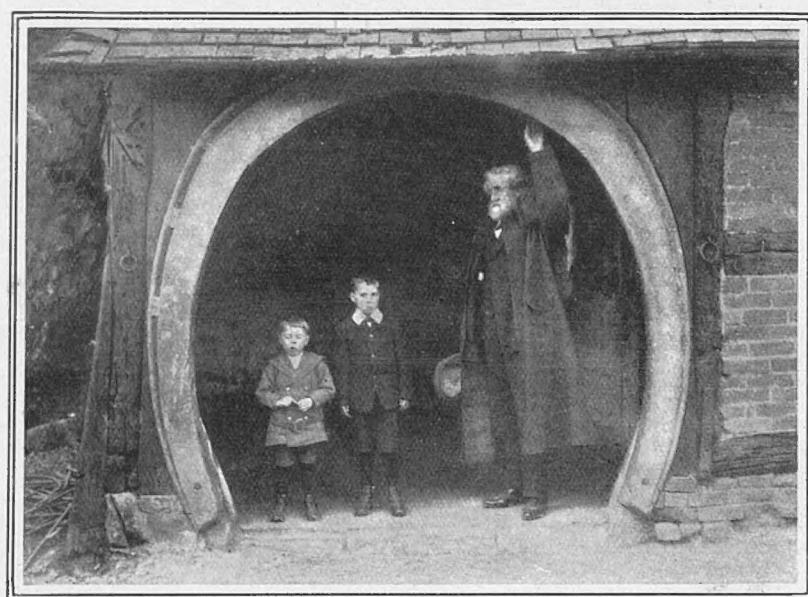
The Super-Super-Dreadnought.

warship with which

America proposes to startle the world will certainly be the greatest thing on the sea, and to describe it at least half-a-dozen "supers" should precede the word Dreadnought. One of the naval constructors of our friends across the Atlantic promises us that we shall eventually see war-vessels a thousand feet long, that they will only just be able to squeeze through the Panama Canal, and that New York will be the only harbour in the United States into which they will be able to enter. It all sounds very big indeed; but a war-ship that will have to keep at sea all the time because no harbour can accommodate her will not find much favour in peace times with bluejackets, who like sometimes to enjoy liberty on shore.

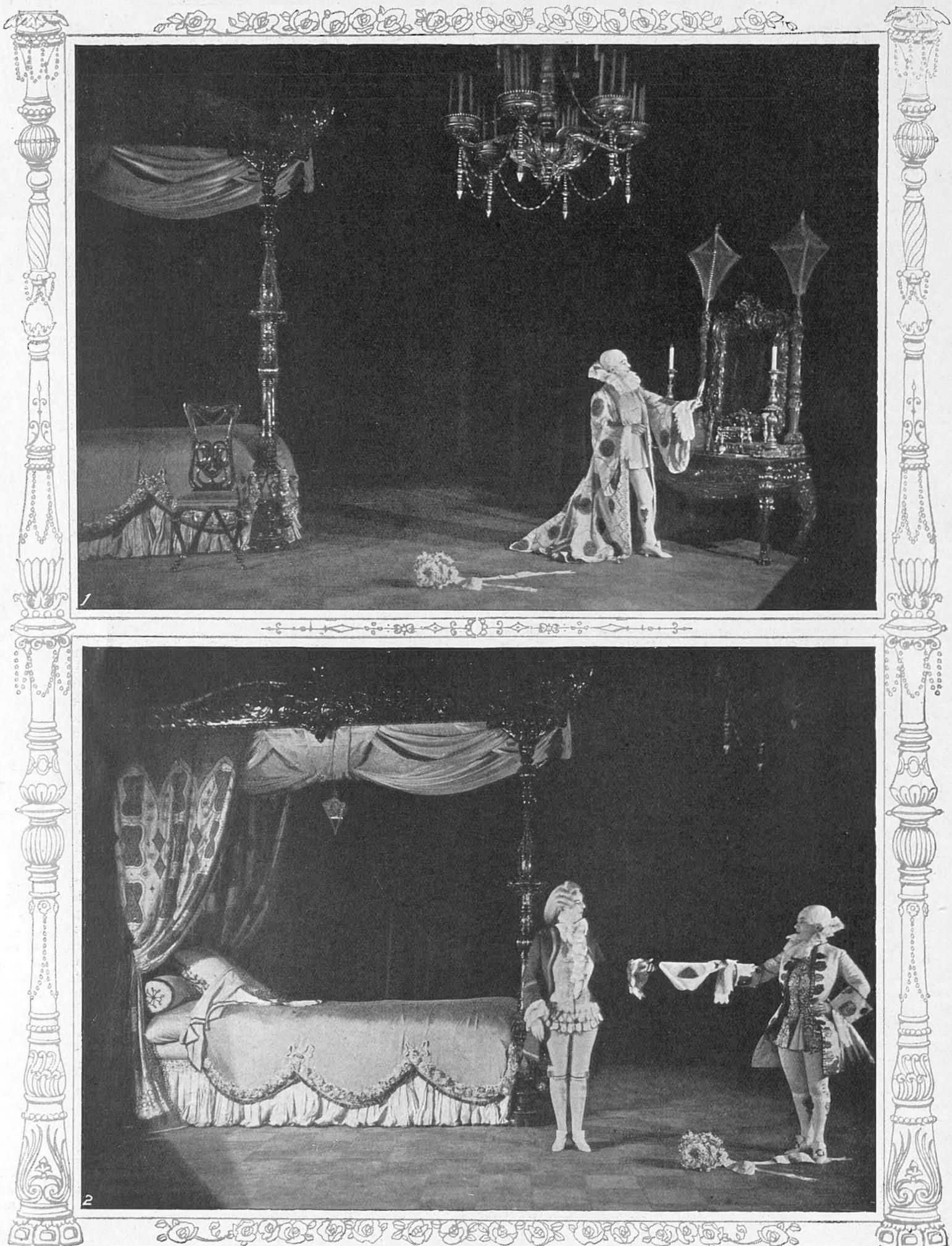


WITH HER FAVOURITE PET ON THE INSTRUMENT :
Mlle. MARTO, THE WELL-KNOWN ANIMAL-TRAINER,
PLAYING THE PIANO.
Photograph by Willenger.



THE LARGEST HORSESHOE IN THE WORLD : THE REMARKABLE ENTRANCE TO THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP AT CLAVERDON, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.
Photograph by Stephen Cribb.

MIMMING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: THE "MALINGERER,"
OF THE TRIPLE BILL OF THE MATINÉES.



1. "THIS WEALTHY AND EXQUISITE PIERROT": MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS MR. FRIVOL.

2. THE SERVANT AND HIS MASTER: MISS KATE SERJEANTSON AS SILENCE AND MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS FRIVOL.

"We imagined [we quote the "Times"] that we knew the limits of Miss Marie Tempest's art, but here she pops up suddenly as a finished performer in the very special and difficult technique of the Mime... Every gesture is full, beautiful, and pointed. Her hands are a joy to watch, and they speak volumes. Mischief, passion, sentiment, terror, despair—they are all here in the terms proper to this wealthy and exquisite Pierrot, Mr. Frivol, who, on the advice of his doctor, Fraud, pretends to have stabbed himself in order that hard-hearted Caprice may speed relenting to his arms; and then, when jealous Malice, his rival, comes to murder him, puts his

Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.

[Continued opposite.]

"THAT 18TH CENTURY BELOVED OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY":
 "THE MALINGERER," OF THE TRIPLE BILL AT PRINCE OF WALES'S MATINÉES.



1. CAPRICE, FRIVOL, AND SILENCE: MISS FRANCES DILLON, MISS MARIE TEMPEST, AND MISS KATE SERJEANTSON.

2. MR. FRIVOL PRETENDS TO HAVE STABBED HIMSELF: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS FRIVOL; MR. SIDNEY LEWIS-RANSOM AS FRAUD,
 THE DOCTOR; MISS FRANCES DILLON AS CAPRICE; AND MR. GRAHAM BROWNE AS MALICE.

Continued.

bolster in the bed to be stabbed, and frightens Malice's life out of him by pretending to be his own ghost. The play is very elegantly and beautifully mounted by its author (who also plays the Doctor), with a stately realisation of that eighteenth century beloved of Aubrey Beardsley. Clothes, bed, candlesticks, and all are charming." "The Maligner" is by Mr. Sidney Lewis-Ransom, and forms one of the "triple bill" presented at matinées at the Prince of Wales's on Tuesdays and Fridays. It is wordless. The music is by Mr. Herman Finck, of Palace, "In the Shadows," and other fame.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppe.]



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

ON Friday Mr. Winston Churchill is to be the guest, beaming and bruised, of the Eighty Club: if the insignia of hurly-burly have faded from his cheek (yesterday they were still apparent), the more's the pity. In a company that sits above the salt—the salt of opposition, supposed to be the salt of life to the First Lord—there will be need of the reminder that he is truly the ferocious youth of the popular legend. His genius, or ambition, is to rise to the occasion. Whether he opens the door for a lady or escapes from prison, he has, like the Prince Otto of the story, the handsome word upon his lips. The penning of the courteous letter he left behind him for his gaoler in Pretoria gave him more pleasure than the escape itself, and as the guest of honour on Friday he will be full of civilities and gratitude. The trade mark on his cheek alone will stand for strife, for in his case a reputation for violence rests entirely on the violence of his opponents.

The War Chuckle. It is true that he has a blithe heart for most encounters. In the field he loves to meet "the bright face of danger," and in the Commons the black looks of Opposition. But his chuckle is private, not provocative; it is the chuckle of pure pleasure in resisting attack. His public weapon is complete self-assurance, smiling and impregnable, a weapon carefully oiled and, though defensive, infinitely annoying; and when it fails to put his enemy to flight there is trouble. But it is not he who is the aggressor: in the case of the Suffragist, the Vulture, the Carsonite, the attack has been on the other side. The whip, the talon, the book—none of them was his. And on the platform, for every attack he delivers he suffers, or enjoys, a dozen. The most famous of his assaults—what are they? The "Gold Fish" chaff and the series of pokes at Freddie Smith, neither serious; he has been banished from and is restored to Blenheim, and Mr. Smith is still his friend. Perhaps the only public quarrel that was an affair of the heart was with Lord Lytton, and that is all against his heart. But from the other side the assaults are vigilant, embittered, innumerable.

New Convictions. There will be caught, while he sits among plaudits and *pêches à la Diane*, some glimpses of an unofficial personality. He is a creature of environment, and can shed the barbed exterior of the public man as quickly as he can turn upon an assailant, or refrain from turning—for there is, by the way, no truth in the story that he needed a friend's grip to prevent him continuing the disorder of the other day in the House. He has the courage of new convictions, the courage to change his own coat besides, as a politician, eternally persuading others to change theirs.

Why Politics? Thus, in the Boer War he started by hating the Boers, and, as the only sequel open to one of his temperament, by fighting them. Taken prisoner, he found them kind, and knew that he was in "a land of lies." And then, listening to his captors singing their evening psalm, he noted in their voices the sound of "indignant" fight," and thought that "after all the war must be unjust, that the Boers are better than we, that Heaven is against us."

Such thoughts passed through his mind, because his mind is not sealed against the fresh impression or the new partisanship. Whether at Omdurman or Nicholson's Nek, the handsome word was ready for the enemy. On every field it is the same—but never in the Commons. The inexplicable thing is that he maintains so keen a relish for the game of Party—the one game in which there is never an opening for the very obvious generosity of his character.

The Repeating Pattern Were there no seam of strangeness in him, in the House. he would not have run from Unionism and the type. The Carsons, the Bonar Laws, the Austen Chamberlains hold hands because they understand each other. They are made in one mould; and every true Carsonite, it is said, may be known whether he is in the street, the mess-room, on ship-board, or at a house-party. It is not a matter of the cut of his shoulders or the colour of his ties; it is rather a habit of mind that sets its seal upon his expression. It was not with such that Winston could abide. The range of type among Liberals is more liberal. The Party repeating-pattern has been deranged; you cannot make a wall-paper out of the Government. Mr. Asquith's smiling allusion to the wise cherub of the Cabinet as "afflicted with an interesting personality" shows a rare tolerance. There are Prime Ministers in the bud, or over-blown, who would not tolerate an interesting personality—and especially another man's—in a Cabinet of their own choosing. Mr. Winston Churchill's style alone—the style that gives his correspondence first place in all the literature of the Boer War—is itself a red rag to the commonplace of the Commons.

Diana.

It was an early jest against Mr. Churchill that he was impatient of being known as "Lord Randolph's son." Already he is looking about for another form of relative fame. He looks to the nursery, and the daughter who may cause him to be remembered as father of the first Woman Premier at Westminster. Already he and his lady chant the line of Greek chorus "Diana's servitors are we." And is he not also father of Randolph Churchill?



TO BE ENTERTAINED BY THE EIGHTY CLUB ON FRIDAY, THE 29TH, THE LORD CHANCELLOR PRESIDING: THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD: MRS. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, whose marriage took place in 1908, was known before that event as Miss Clementine Hozier, daughter of the late Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier, 3rd Dragoon Guards, and Lady Blanche Hozier (née Ogilvy), daughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie. Mrs. Winston Churchill has one son and one daughter.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

A CANINE DRUM-DRAWER : A PEACEFUL DOG OF WAR.



READY TO DRAG THE CARRIAGE ON WHICH THE BIG DRUM RESTS: A DOG ON SERVICE WITH BULGARIAN INFANTRY.

In certain regiments of Bulgarian infantry, a dog is employed to draw a little carriage on which the big drum rests. Needless to say, he is invariably the pet of the regiment.



IN THE HOME OF MYSTERIES: THE IMMEMORIAL MASKELYNE.

1873-1912. 1873-1912—that is the record, not only of Mr. Maskelyne and his mysteries, but also of my acquaintance with him and them. In 1873 it was Maskelyne and Cook's at that funny little place, the Egyptian Hall, and as a schoolboy—I was not really a full-blown dramatic critic at that time—I used to pay a visit every holiday, and sometimes two if any vagrom uncle gave me a chance to “impeticos” his “gratillity,” if I may use Feste's quaint phrase. Indeed, our allegiance was divided between the old Maskelyne and Cook's and the old Polytechnic, and much discussion arose whether the wonders of the white magic of the Hall were more or less delightful than Leotard the Automaton at the Langham Place institution, or the diving-bell—I believe that I funked it—or the Pepper's Ghosts, which shuddered me, or the quaint little dramas that dodged the laws against stage plays in unlicensed buildings by having a grave gentleman with a glass of water and gold spectacles to read the dialogue of all the characters, from the melodramatic villain to the lovely heroine; and well do I remember the lovely heroine. . . . I never told my love, but let concealment, etc., though I fancy that my “green and yellow melancholy” was really due to a surfeit of refreshments. How many nights' sleep we lost in trying to solve the secret of Mr. Maskelyne's wonderful box and earn the unimaginably immense sum of money promised for the discovery! I was quite startled the other night to think, when sitting at the Maskelyne and Devant entertainment, that about a quarter of a century had gone by since last I had seen the baffling wonders attributable to the fertile Maskelyne. A quarter of a century and mighty little change in anything save me, though the illusions represent the last words in the illusory art.

The Donkey Trick. The audience was very much the same as of old—simple-hearted boys and girls, young men and maidens, and elderly folk, packing the house, all roaring with laughter, and all with an air which said, “We keep away from the theatres on principle, but this is real life.” I can hardly remember an audience which so greatly enjoyed a performance. They repeated Mr. Ganthonny's jokes audibly to one another, and in case of doubt explained them; even the hardened, blasé, jaded old critic caught the infection and laughed with the spectators, and gaped, too, in pure, sheer bewilderment at the impossible things that were happening every few minutes upon the stage. I think we all liked the disappearing donkey best. To begin with, the donkey won our hearts: he was quite the most

engaging *jeune premier* in my recollection. Not a trace of self-consciousness about him, or stage-fright; he looked as if he did not care a fippen for the King of Asia. Thank heavens, he did not bray; if he had, the subtlety of it would have caused a serious raid on the dignified physicians of the district, called in to deal with countless fits of hysterics. He came, it appears, from Lowestoft, “where the donkeys come from,” to use his mouthpiece's phrase. I enjoyed this hit at the East Anglians, for I have a tooth against the whole race, on account of extortions practised on me when

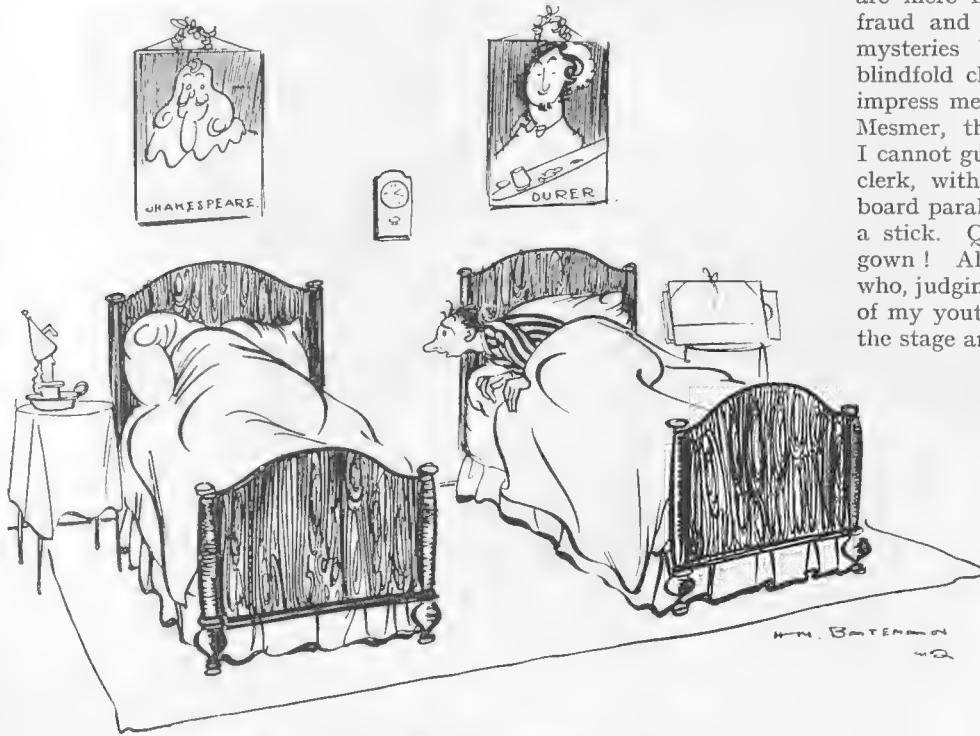


THE LADY WRANGLER.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

yachting over the Broads. Dear Neddy was put in a box, which really seemed surrounded by nothing but the circumambient air—I confess that he required a little prompting—then, hey presto! he vanished, leaving no trace behind. I should like to explain how this was done, but I do not know.

The Clairvoyante. Another successful number consisted of the *tableaux fantômes* of Mr. Charles Morritt, who caused pictures to grow upon canvas in an amazing manner, and rivalled, as he said, the spirit-pictures of the spiritualists. They are rather down upon the spiritualists at the St. George's Hall; no wonder, for Mr. Maskelyne was one of the exposers of the famous Davenport fraud and many another piece of humbug, and for years has bravely challenged the mediums to exhibit any phenomena which he cannot reproduce by honest trickery. I do not suggest that, in my own opinion, all the phenomena connected with spiritualism are mere matters of chicanery, although an appalling amount of fraud and imposture has accompanied the investigation into the mysteries beyond the mystifications of Maskelyne. We had a blindfold clairvoyante in an amazing gown; blindfolding does not impress me, for since even the days of the famous Friedrich Anton Mesmer, the futility of blindfolding has been well known. Still, I cannot guess how the lady added up figures, as quickly as a bank-clerk, without seeing them, or guessed which figures on a black-board parallel with her eyes, but thirty feet away, were touched with a stick. Quite staggering, though not quite so staggering as her gown! All sorts of ghosts were produced by Mr. E. A. Maskelyne, who, judging by his countenance and speech, is a son of the Maskelyne of my youth. Members of the audience were invited to come upon the stage and see fair-play. Of course, our young Artist was anxious to mount the steps, but gave way when I pointed out the selfishness of taking the place of one of the happy spectators and robbing him of the eternal pleasure of boring his family and friends with an account of his first appearance on any stage, and what he saw, or rather, what he did not see, when he acted on behalf of the audience. It was quite delightful to watch the desperate efforts of our representatives to discover how the crowd of very solid ghosts got into and out of the box surrounded by a big gauze screen, over and under and all round which we or our inspectors could see. And all the things were baffling and bewildering, and therefore immensely entertaining, even if none quite so amusing as the explanations which a gentleman behind me gave from time to time to his pretty neighbour, for he really understood nothing about any of the tricks. I rather fancy that he, too, must have come from Lowestoft.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS: AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

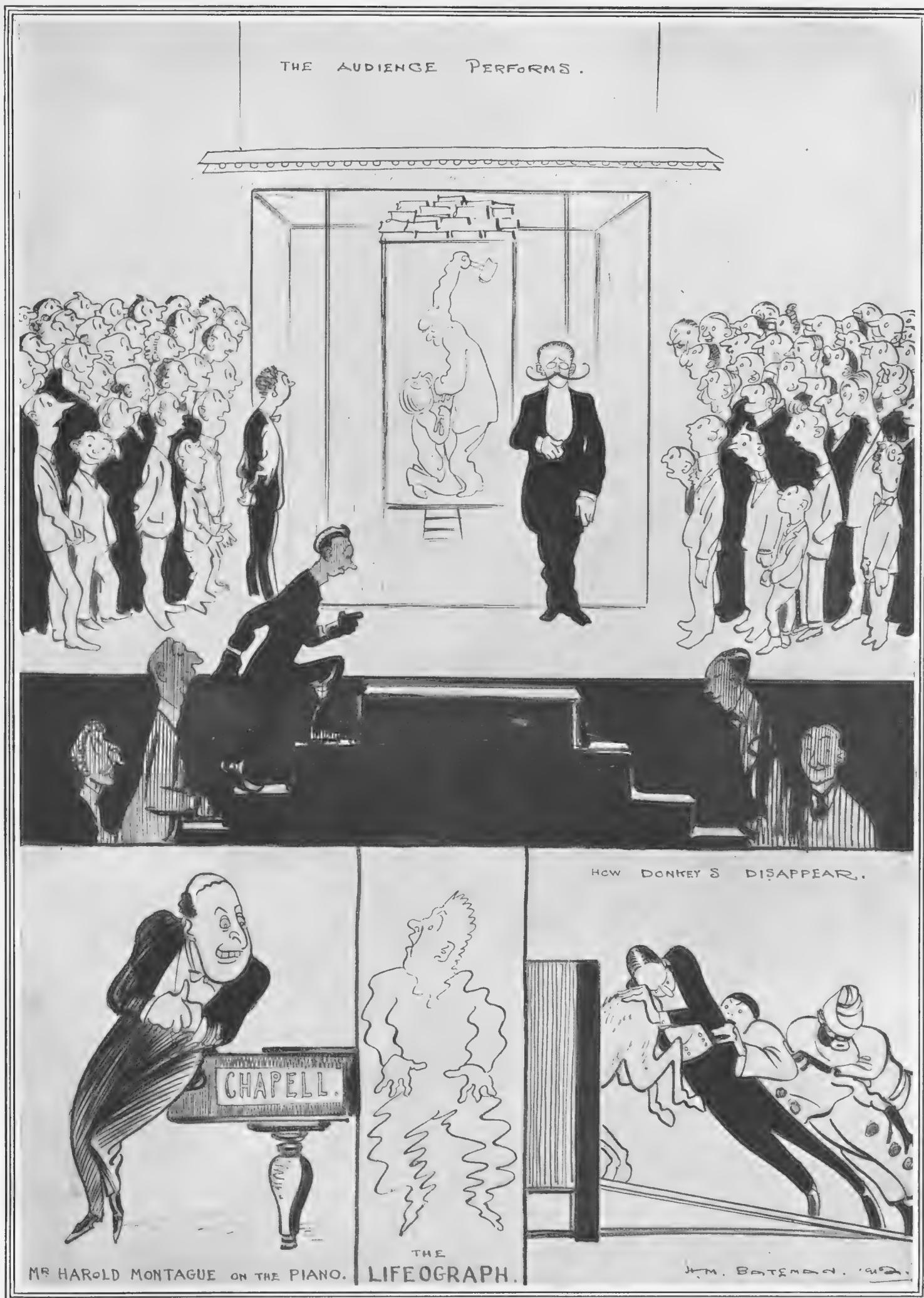
THE ARTIST: I say, Mr. Monocle.

MR. MONOCLE: What?

THE ARTIST: You remember that trick—

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S.



AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, THE HOME OF MYSTERIES: H. M. BATEMAN ON THE WORKS OF THE MAGICIANS.

Maskelyne and Devant's mysteries are ever attracting splendid audiences to St. George's Hall. When our Artist was there the programme included Mr. E. A. Maskelyne and the Haunted Window; Tableaux Fantômes; The Disappearing Donkey, presented by Mr. Charles Morritt; the Lifeograph; and Mr. Harold Montague in a Humorous Pianologue.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



TO MARRY MR. RONALD A. C. CRADOCK - HARTOPP TO - DAY, NOV. 27: MISS DORA COX.

Miss Cox, who is marrying Mr. Ronald A. C. Cradock-Hartopp, of 31, Buckingham Gate, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cox, of 64, Eaton Square, and Radipole Manor, Dorset.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

truth of the prevalent reports concerning the contents of Stafford House has been followed by one from headquarters. So far is the Duke of Sutherland from entertaining any idea of making a clean sweep that it may be said with certainty that if, by some topsy-turvy decree of Fate, the family's particular treasures were to come into the market, the purchaser would be—the Duke.

The Montrose Mettle. Another of the buyers is the Duke

of Montrose. When the relics of his ancestor, the great Marquess, were sold the other day

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, who but lately slept in rooms of paper and bamboo, took up his quarters as the first of their Majesties' guests within the twelve-foot walls of Windsor. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, and Lord and Lady Farquhar, all renewed acquaintance with the Castle during the first week of the royal return to residence there. The Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil also found themselves in familiar scenes and among many friends, although Magdalen did not give up its Prince during the first days of their coming.

Ducal Marketing. "Sell, sell, sell!" is not the only chant of the Dukes. It is pleasant to see that the denial, made on this page last week, of the

contents of Stafford House has been followed by one from headquarters. So far is the Duke of Sutherland from entertaining any idea of making a clean sweep that it may be said with certainty



for the simple reason that the collection is always being extended. The historical library owes its existence, for the most part, to him, although the name of his deputy, Dr. Stuart Reid, is more often on the books of the booksellers than his own. The Doctor has now completed his *Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*, and the Duke has promised a Preface.

The Unnamed Lady Jersey and Lady Peeress.

Bland - Sutton carried through their doll-reception—a comedietta, with a purpose, among social engagements—with great success. The Queen had dressed her dolls, and sent them; and Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox, Lady Mary Ward, Lady Lawson Walton, Lady Brynmor



TO MARRY MR. CECIL GEORGE TUFTON ON NOV. 28: MISS AGATHA V. RIPLEY DALTON.

Miss Ripley Dalton is the youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Ripley Dalton, of 184, Gloucester Terrace, and Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS AGATHA V. RIPLEY DALTON ON NOV. 28: MR. CECIL GEORGE TUFTON.

Mr. Tufton is the son of Mr. Alfred Tufton, of 43, Palace Court, and 9, King's Bench Walk, barrister-at-law.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Jones, Lady Swansea, Lady Harcourt, and many more likewise contributed to the exhibition. One of these ladies tells a story of a child's view of the grave importance of names. Her daughter's doll had been sent away for repairs, but when she called for it the mender looked up and down his shelves in vain. "But her name's Alexandra Mary," piped the little girl, as if to end the difficulty; and again, when it was decided that they should call the next day, to see if it was forthcoming, she expostulated, "But her name's Alexandra Mary." Many of Lady Jersey's dolls were named, but the title given by her Majesty to the Peeress in miniature has not transpired; she is too substantial for a "Millie Sutherland," too blonde for "Evelyn Devonshire."

Strained Relations? Mr. Chamberlain came to town last week with the usual buttonhole; and at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition of flowers the Duke of Marlborough's orchids were by far the most exciting things to be seen. The Duke of Marlborough himself was present on Tuesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, Lady Crewe and Lady Ridley also circled round the blooms from Blenheim. To have worn the Marlboro' - Chamberlain flower on his coat would have been too open a confession of amity from the First Lord; but the buzz of talk between him and several of his platform antagonists made the fact that public animosities are really a kind of friendly humbug as plain as ever.



TO MARRY THE HON. FREDA HERSCHELL TO-DAY, NOV. 27: SIR ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON, BT., M.P.

Miss Herschell is the elder of Lord Herschell's two sisters, and was born in 1881. Her sister is the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Yorke. Sir Archibald Williamson, the first Baronet, is M.P. (L.) for Elginshire and Nairnshire. He was married, in 1887, to Miss Caroline Hayne, who died last year. He is a partner in Messrs. Balfour, Williamson and Co., merchants, a Director of the Royal Insurance Company and other concerns, and a J.P. for the City of Liverpool.

Photograph by Histeia.

TO MARRY MR. C. C. JOHNSTONE, OF LEAMINGTON, ON NOV. 28: MISS L. M. HEMANS.

Photograph by Russell.

The Marauder. The present Duke is not the first to hold such relics in great esteem. Indeed, the desire of possession suggested to one of his forebears more grasping means of adding to the collection at Buchanan Castle than a peaceful descent upon the auction-rooms in Wellington Street. At Dalkeith, during George IV.'s visit to Scotland in 1822, the Duke of the day complimented Sir Walter Scott on the muster of Border Yeomanry. "Indeed," said Scott, "there's scarcely a man left to guard our homesteads." "I've a great mind," mused the Duke, "to send a detachment of my own men to your Abbotsford to make a prize of my ancestor's sword."

The Duke of Marlborough's Authorship. The Duke of Marlborough is no less keen than his fellows to surround himself with family memorials. The extent of his collection at Blenheim is not generally appreciated,

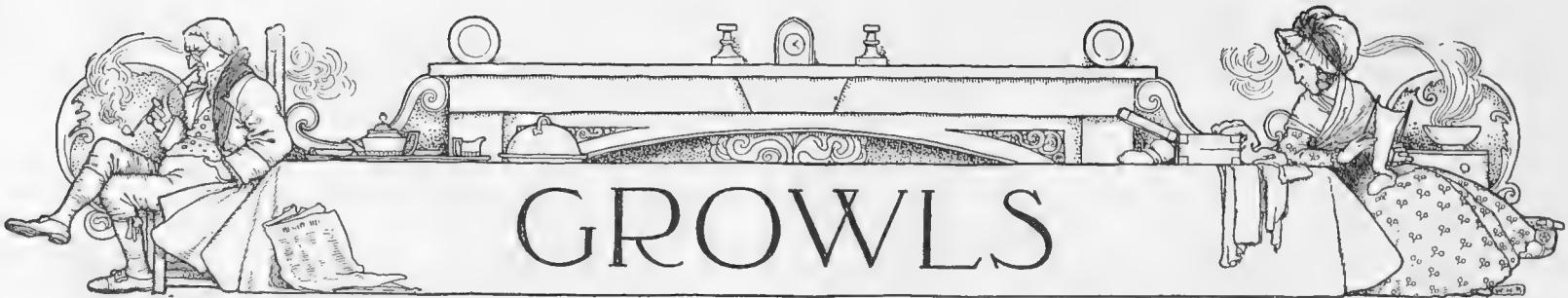
The Duke of Marlborough is no less keen than his fellows to surround himself with family memorials. The extent of his collection at Blenheim is not generally appreciated,

POWDER - PLAY !



THE CUSTOMER (*powdered after a shave*) : Here ! Hi ! What — ?

THE BARBER : Beg pardon, Sir ; I was so long in the poultry line I kind o' forgot meself.

**THE TAINT OF TIPPING : THE CADGERS' CARNIVAL.**

IF I did not with my whole strength and energy loathe and abominate anything in the nature of statistics, I would work out the precise sum which is annually extorted from me for the purpose of providing tips for absolutely unnecessary persons. Properly drawn up and sedulously circulated, it would, I fancy, stagger humanity. The income tax arouses most of the spleen I possess, but that is backed by the authority of the State, which has its own drastic and unscrupulous methods of dealing with those who are sufficiently fatuous to attempt the ineffectual process of kicking against the pricks. But why we should impose upon ourselves a supplement to State extortion, I dismally fail to understand. Only a complete lack of moral courage can account for our going on paying people for doing things which they are already being paid for doing by somebody else who is making us pay through the nose for our patronage of him. A restaurant provides not only food for the body, but also food for thought. A visit affords ample illustration of the extent to which we will allow ourselves to be mulcted. The proceedings open by an infinitely better-dressed man than yourself relieving you of your coat and hat. For this relief much thanks will not satisfy him; he will require at least sixpence from you when you depart. The meal, from which the restaurateur will derive at least six hundred per cent. profit, is served by perfunctory minions in his employ, who will not let you leave until you have presented them with gratuities of fabulous size; and the gorgeously arrayed person at the portal who deigns to whistle for the summoning of your taxi would be horrified if you omitted a donation

of silver. In restaurants where the joints are wheeled around, each wheeler expects his tip. The man who carves the fat collects a copper, as also does he who dissects the lean; and the waiter who places the solids upon the table feels himself as much entitled to remuneration as the one who fetches the liquids; and in the end the extras amount to nearly as much as the actual bill.

Land Piracy. In hotels the system fairly runs riot. Here there are uniformed grandes who never even pretend to do anything for you, but look for a substantial tip all the same. That is all they are there for. They lead a life of leisured ease, with nothing on earth to do but to receive reward for what they have never dreamed of doing. And so I go through life doling out sums of varying dimensions to totally undeserving objects. At one moment it is to a conversational hair-cutter; at another to a guard who has unlocked a door previously locked by him for this especial purpose; at the next to a cab-rank loafer who has had the nerve to open the taxi door—a feat I am physically able and mentally willing to perform for myself. The whole world seems to have entered into a diabolical conspiracy with a view to relieving me of my last stiver. It is useless to try to escape from this universal and universally recognised imposition. In some cases such an attempt is met by a determined stand-and-deliver, and in others it brings to view such an expression of blended scorn and reproach as only a heart of stone could withstand. I know of only one haven of refuge from all this cadging. It is a rule of my club that no gratuities shall be given to the servants. Here there are only the billiard-cues to be tipped, and here, at any rate, I am immune from the posturings and pesterings which greet me elsewhere. But one cannot pass one's entire time at the club.

Unilateral. It is the one-sidedness of this inexorable system that inflicts such exquisite pain. I should not complain if it were the same all round; but it never occurs to anybody for whom I do work or to whom I render some slight service to present me with some little trifle for myself. I could bring myself to be a cheerful giver, and to hand out gratuities ungrudgingly if my employers could see their way to tipping me. If when I deliver copy an editor with some elementary notion of reciprocity would press sixpence into my palm, accompanied by a word of appreciation of services rendered, I should take a less gloomy view of my case. If the lady to whom I surrender my seat in the omnibus, or for whom I close the window in the railway-carriage, would add a copper coin to her smile of thanks, my grievance would at once vanish into thin air. But these little acts of kindness, and even of justice, never suggest themselves, and I feel the injustice of it all most keenly. The rapid approach of Christmas brings the matter at this moment into ghastly prominence. With the roll of the years the great festival has developed into the cadgers' carnival, and those whom I have overpaid and tipped during the past twelve months will inevitably crowd round me and insist upon my going through the whole horrid process all over again. No subterfuge will be of the slightest avail. They will prowl around my premises and dog my faltering footsteps until they have forced me to disgorged my final farthing. They will admit of no protest and will give ear to no appeal, and I shall, as usual, embark upon yet another year a broken man with nothing left to his name save his historic prerogative of a grumble.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



AN INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION? THRACE AND MACEDONIA OFFERING CROWNS TO KING FERDINAND AND HIS QUEEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE PROCLAMATION OF BULGARIAN INDEPENDENCE IN 1908.



WAR AND THE CHILD ON THE SERVIAN FRONTIER: MILITANT SERVIAN YOUNGSTERS DRILLING AT VRANIA.

OH, CHEESE IT!



REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND IN A DUTCH RESTAURANT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



THE OBSESSION — AND HOW TO CURE IT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"CELLS," I said—"merely little brain-cells, which anyone with the slightest amount of will-power can set working in another direction. That is what here they call *Love* when it applies to the attachment of Mr. Smith for his wife, and *Infatuation* when it deals with that of Petrarch for Laure de Noves."

The girl looked up from the fire to the evening blue, framed by the bay window. Outside on the wall three peacocks sat, rigid, hieratic, and magnificent. The hour was motionless, silent, and pious—the hour for hearthrug confessions and confidences.

"Yet," thought the girl aloud, "it makes one suffer."

"Because one likes to suffer. Many people take a perverse pleasure in exasperating their love-wound, as others like to tease a sore tooth with a wrathful needle. There is no such thing as love—there is sentimental preoccupation."

"There is—obsession," said the girl, sitting on her heels, and, as if to affirm her assertion, she emptied the cream-jug into the teapot.

"Obsession, yes, that is—obstinate interest. But just as people only see ghosts who believe in them, we are only haunted by thoughts which we secretly welcome. He who invented the word "love" created a disease. Names have a creative magic. Before doctors had added neurasthenia to their source of income, a neurasthenic patient was merely a bored idler. Neurasthenia is curable by having many and different interests; love is curable by having an interest in many different persons. The first part of the treatment is to persuade oneself that love is a mere mental habit, an inoffensive but not harmless mania. What is there in the loved one that cannot be found in someone else? Are you obsessed by gigantic shoulders, curly brown hair—"

"Lank and black," said the girl softly.

"Blue eyes—"

"No, hazel," corrected she.

"A smile unimpeachable—"

"And fascinating," she sighed.

"Are you, as I said, obsessed?—go to any ball-room, and you will see scores of shoulders as Samsonian, eyes of a blue just as rapier-like, hair with a wave in it just as carelessly arrogant—"

"But"—she raised a vehement chin from between her little palms—"I have told you he is not a bit like that!"

"Then who is?" I mused, and there was silence.

Love—never speak of love, for fear you may come to believe in it. It is amusing to see grave gentlemen sitting on Commissions upon the vexed questions of Cheap

Marriage and Dear Divorce, trying to remedy the irremediable with rules and registers, when they have only to strike a word from the dictionary to strike at the root of most of the evil.

Astonishing as it may seem, the majority of married people have married because they have imagined themselves in love. Like the thief who accepts going to prison if he can but snatch at the jewel that haunts him, they accept beforehand long years of narrow confinement *à deux* because of that momentary obsession which they call love and spell marriage. And the whole world is in league to bind with red tape their human energy, as a mummy bandaged for eternity. When they were children, love was insidiously presented to them between the covers of fairy-tale books. They were taught, not that love was a miracle, but that it could accomplish miracles, that it could replace the rags of the Goose Girl by moonlight robes whereon chimeras spread their curves, that it could cure princesses languishing in a dungeon, that it could deliver princes and pages—while we know that it can only enslave them. Later, in magazines, in posters, in plays, in novels, and in poems, the Force of Life masquerading as love pursued them with a haunting ubiquity. And, as an advertisement often enough repeated ends by evoking faith, so the legend of love becomes dogma. One can fight against love as one fights against superstition, by reasoning it out. There is a beautiful sonnet called "Renunciation," written by a woman whose name I forget. Having stilled her heart with all the strength of her volition during her conscious and waking hours, at night her spirit, she tells us, fetterless and humble, would rush to its sublime goal—"I run, I run, I'm gathered in thy arms."

But, as a matter of fact, one is responsible for one's dreams. If one concentrate one's thought hard enough and long enough the last thing at night upon a certain (and safe) object, one is almost sure to dream of that object. To those who wish to fight against The Obsession, I would advise to try recapitulating the most interesting dates of English history from the Roman invasion to the Delhi Durbar as the clock strikes midnight. . . .

The blue of the evening had become black infinity; the fire in the room was the only hopeful thing to our four eyes; one of the peacocks on the invisible wall cried weirdly.

"What were you thinking of?" the girl whispered.

"Blue eyes are so much more lovable than hazel," I said, and wondered why she smiled.



WIFE OF THE HEREDITARY CONSTABLE OF HILLSBOROUGH FORT: THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

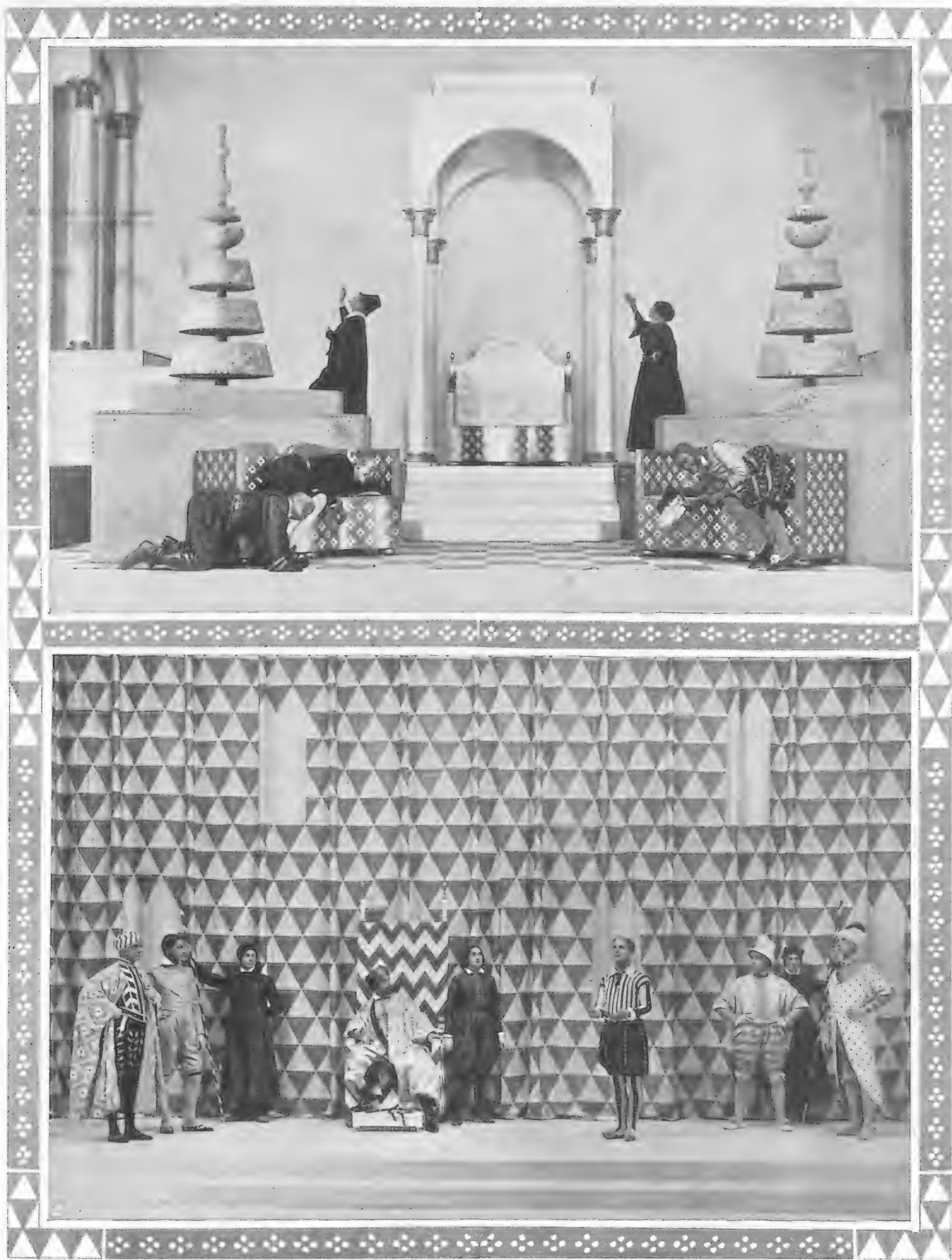
The Marchioness of Downshire was known, before her marriage to the sixth Marquess (as his second wife), in 1907, as Miss Evelyn Grace May Foster, daughter of Mr. Edmund Benson Foster, of Clewer Manor, Windsor. The Marquess of Downshire is Hereditary Constable of Hillsborough Fort, and is also High Steward of Wokingham.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



THE SALE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE ECCENTRIC OAKLEY STREET MANSION: "LOTS" OF THE PHENÉ AUCTION.

It was arranged that the sale should take place the other day of the contents of the remarkable bizarre mansion of the late Dr. John S. Phené, which has long been a curious landmark in Oakley Street, Chelsea. Our correspondent writes: "Dr. Phené spent many years of his life in travel, archaeological research, and excavating. He had a mania for collecting, and the weird house he had built in Oakley Street was, together with Cheyne House and with the garden connecting the two buildings, to be a kind of private museum to house the tons of carved stone and wood, marble and terra-cotta and plaster, wrought-iron, pottery, and innumerable odds and ends collected by him in all parts of the globe. Then suddenly he left 'Mystery House' in its unfinished state and went to live elsewhere. For decades it remained uninhabited."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

A PINK - GREEN - AND - GOLD GARDEN; AND A CURTAIN SCENE.
DECORATED SHAKESPEARE AT THE SAVOY: "TWELFTH NIGHT."



1. IN OLIVIA'S GARDEN: THE PLOTTERS REJOICE AT THE ATTITUDE OF MALVOLIO ON FINDING THE LOVE-Letter SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN TO HIM BY HIS MISTRESS, OLIVIA.

2. OLIVIA'S CLOWN BEFORE THE LOVE-SICK DUKE: FESTE SINGING TO ORSINO.

In the first photograph in the background, from left to right, are Mr. Henry Ainley as Malvolio and Miss Leah Bateman Hunter as Maria. In the foreground are Mr. Arthur Whitby as Sir Toby Belch, Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Fabian, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. In the second, Mr. Arthur Wontner, as Orsino, is seen seated; on his left are Miss Lillah McCarthy as Viola, otherwise Cesario, and Mr. C. Hayden Coffin as Feste. The decorations of the play are by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, as are the costumes. The Olivia's Garden Scene, especially, has aroused much comment, by reason of its pink pagoda, its dead-white sky and steps, its gold seats, and its clipped yews of most unnatural green.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER

*ROMANCE IN THE LAW COURTS: A GARLAND OF CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.**

One Peerage Case per Century.

belong to the peerage. The Duchess of Kingston has already occupied a page here, and the other is Lord Cardigan's appearance as a duellist. It would seem that only one such exalted affair may fall to a century—the Duchess belonging to the eighteenth, Lord Cardigan to the nineteenth; while the twentieth got it over early with a case in which a noble lord was protagonist.

The Cardigan Duel.

Having regard to Lord Cardigan's temper—"arbitrary, unjust, and offensive"—a duel appears the likeliest thing in the world.

Macaulay complained that the gallant lord could not take his place in a train without being hissed, or enter a theatre without receiving insult. And at last an officer who had revolted by "writing to the papers" met Lord Cardigan, in answer to his challenge, by a windmill on Wimbledon Common. The officer was wounded; the Earl was arrested by the miller, and acquitted by his peers through a piece of very pretty legal sophistry. The wounded Captain Tuckett's baptismal names needed corroboration. There was no one to identify him with them. Therefore, he could not be connected with the person whom the miller saw shot! "The person out of doors" (Lord Denman's anticipation of our "man in the street"), not being a lawyer, was so strongly against Lord Cardigan that Melbourne felt the pressure sufficiently to speak to the Queen of his removal from his regiment. But some twelve years later he rode with that regiment, the 11th Hussars, in the Charge of the Light Brigade, for which his name is famous.

The Lyons Mail Murder Case.

The Lyons Mail! What a household word the Irvings have made of it for us English! And how typical of our national sentiment, the fact that our stage version saves the wrongly accused Lesurques from the guillotine at the eleventh hour, while the French drama retains the cardinal, historic point—the execution of an innocent man! Though Lesurques was not the domestic saint which the British theatregoer remembers him (another sentimental straying from facts and the more virile French drama), he deserves, in Mr. Childers's words, "to be remembered as long as any interest is taken in human tragedies." His fate depended on an alibi. He had not ridden murderously against the courier in charge of money for young General Bonaparte's



AS FESTE, CLOWN TO OLIVIA: MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN, AT THE VIRGINAL.

which was developed in various directions down to the evening supper, was discredited by the judge—a French Jeffreys—who regarded it as cumulative perjury. On such slight trifles may fate depend, as these records prove more than once.

* "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries." By Hugh Childers. (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)

Twelve *causes célèbres* form the matter of this interesting book, which its author, unhappily, did not live to see in print. Two of them

are "Doctor Dodd, whose title to a place in the Dictionary of National Biography is Hanged at Tyburn. 'forger' tout court," might have been worthy of a record as "preacher and man of letters" but for an accidental blot on a piece of parchment. "Dodd was so put to it (not to make both ends meet—of course he never could do that—but to stave off the more pressing of his creditors) that we are told, with unconscious irony, 'he descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper.'" His next step downward was to trade on the name of his former pupil, Lord Chesterfield. He gave that nobleman's signature as a bond for a loan of £4000. It was to be paid back by instalments commencing six months later, and the optimistic Dodd hoped—sincerely, probably—to pay it. But there was a blot on a number, and the brokers, anxious to avoid mistake, took it to Lord Chesterfield, who, of course, saw it for the first time. The sequel was that journey to Tyburn, where the fashionable divine suffered death in company with a young robber. There is a palpitatingly vivid picture of him by the Max Beerbohm of his day: According to Foote, "he didn't pore with his eye close to the book like a clerk that reads the first lesson. . . . But all extemporary, Madam; with a cambric handkerchief in one hand and a diamond ring on the other; and then he waves this way, and that way; and he curtseys and bows. . . ." Moreover, he was wise enough not to give "the Duchess Dowager of Drowsy and the other fine ladies more than ten or twelve minutes, at least."

The Disraeli Libel Action.

Some brilliant memories are evoked in the trial of the young Disraeli for libel. It is delightful to recall him as the youthful original of the Maclise drawing here reproduced, "with a wild, melancholy, poetic expression of the Byron style; with his beautiful thick hair parted on one side, so that the long, glossy locks hung down low; a velvet coat of unusual cut, lined with white silk; a waistcoat embroidered with flowers in gold; the hands half concealed in embroidered ruffles . . . dancing-shoes on his feet; carrying an ivory cane, tasselled, and magnificently conscious of being the latest, brightest ornament



AS SIR TOPAZ, THE CURATE: MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN AS FESTE.

THE NEW GRANVILLE BARKER PRODUCTION AT THE SAVOY: CHARACTERS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

of London Society." It is odd to think of this brilliant being—"the most wonderful talker I have ever met," as somebody described him—eventually marrying "a rattle, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled" (his own words), who had confided to him that she liked "silent, melancholy men." And though she was fifteen years his senior, they lived, as is well known, a life of ideal conjugal happiness for thirty-three years.

England of the Restoration.

Space forbids more delightful dipping into these pages, so vivid with the portraits of men and women who quarrel and accuse and plead. Those who would enjoy glimpses of the England of the Restoration that feared witches and persecuted Quakers will be well repaid by a perusal of the earlier half of a book which is everywhere irresistibly attractive.

AND A SODA SPLIT?

THE DINER - OUT (*at the Tube booking-office*) : Two schmall Banks, pleash.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE INDIAN DOCTOR.

By HAROLD BLIND.

IT was a raw, wet day—one of those days when the west wind blows keen and cold. A pale yellow sunset cast a curious light up the driving clouds.

I stopped and looked back at the Hindoo after he had passed me, for one so rarely sees an Oriental in tramp guise in London. The little green sprig that he held caught my attention, too.

It was a week later, on just such an evening, that I saw the Indian again. He held an identical green twig, and his lips moved continuously.

Suddenly he clasped the plant he carried to his chest, and gazed at a well-dressed lady who walked along the pavement opposite.

She merely glanced round, and perhaps accelerated her pace. She was extraordinarily fair—a vision of cream and gold. The man watched her out of sight and then turned, shaken by a cough. He recovered, waved his green sprig, and spoke aloud. And then he saw me looking at him. He slouched up and, in a whining voice, begged for a copper like any old cadger.

I answered him kindly, and asked him what he did with his little sprig, which I now saw was covered with tiny green leaves and buds.

"It is *arbor vitae*—it is the tree of life!" he said, and began to weep.

When he had eaten and drunk at my invitation he began to talk. He said—

"I am a doctor of medicine. I am M.D. of London and Calcutta. Listen, I am a Brahmin, and thrice born. My fathers were obeyed by princes. When I was what you would call a mere schoolboy, I used to see a beautiful white girl who was the daughter of the Christian missionary in the town that is my home. She was quite a child, and to me, who had never seen any but dark or ivory-yellow faces, her whiteness was miraculous.

"Every day I would try to catch a glimpse of my queen, and when I failed, the hot sun seemed cold. Although my father and all our caste despised the Christians and feared their influence on the people who supported us, I went to Mr. Jenkins and asked him to instruct me in his faith and to educate me in Western matters. It was most tremendous score for him—for the Christian community. They had got the son of the chief priest of their opponents. Mr. Jenkins was most kind, and rejoiced much. Of course, nobody knew what it was had made me throw up everything. But by his magic my father and the other Brahmins came to find it out. I knew something had happened, because my father suddenly relaxed his rage against me. There had been terrible scenes at first, and only the fear of the police prevented his killing me. When they found out that I had only become Christian on account of the child, they smiled—they withdrew all opposition.

"In a little while Lily fell sick; she pined and wasted. The Brahmins were making her ill. I knew that. I went nearly mad, and taxed my father with the crime. He only smiled and said: 'You will never be loved by the girl—she will never look at you—she will die, and you will come back to take up my duties when I am dead!'

"I swore by all the gods and by the Cross that I would not.

"He gave me the choice of Lily's life or death. 'Come back to us, and she lives; go on as you are, and she dies—veree slowly.'

"I went to Mr. Jenkins and confessed to him all that had happened. He suspected that the Brahmins had found means to poison Lily. He did not, of course, believe in magic. He said that the doctor had insisted that Lily must go to England. This was misery to me, but I determined all the more to resist the Brahmins. I knew that I must combat them with their own weapons.

"While I went to school and then to the University, I studied magic.

"I did not see Lily again until I was a student at St. Michael's Hospital, here in London. It was then that Mr. Jenkins wrote to me and asked me to go to see him. . . . His daughter was very ill. In fact, she was dying.

"A short time before, I had heard from my father that he was still ready to pardon me if I would go back and inherit the priesthood—if I would renounce my passion for the white witch. Ha! I was past all that. I had almost forgotten my little queen. I was already a doctor of Calcutta, and ready to take my M.D. London.

"How could I go back to tend the sacred trees in the village grove, and marry the *bar* tree to the mango, or the holy Basil to the Salagrama, in the belief that they were embodiments of Vishnu and Lakshmi? How could I be a Brahmin?

"I wrote back and told them all this. But they replied that they would kill the witch, and then I should return and be cleansed. I laughed at their superstitions; I no longer believed in their magic—not really. But when Mr. Jenkins wrote to me, and I beheld Lily so ill—all my love for her returned a hundredfold.

"And there returned, too, all my fears. As the weeks went on I despaired of her life—as did the doctors who attended her. But, when I was in India, an old fakir had told me what to do in these cases—had told me that if you took the *arbor vitae* and used it with the necessary rites and charms, you could counteract the evil spells of your enemies—thwart their magic and preserve the life they threatened.

"As a last resource I got the shrub (*Thuja Occidentalis*), and did as I had been instructed. From that moment Lily mended. In a few weeks she was well. But the terrible thing is that one must be near the person who is being killed by the sorcerers afar—the white magic is not so powerful as the black; at least, it is so in my case. I was tied to my boyish love if she was to live.

"In one sense my father's words were fulfilled. Lily did not so much as look at me—in fact, she disliked me. She was in love with another man—a man with yellow hair and steel eyes. He, too, hated me. He talked of me behind my back as 'that nigger.' He swore it made him sick to see me in the Jenkins' house . . . to have Lily in the same room with me.

"Nigger! Me a nigger! . . . Hubshi! . . . A black man!

"One day he insulted me openly, and I spoke to him. I told him that I was of better Aryan stock than he himself—that my ancestors had seen the Vedas written and been rulers whilst his fathers were wandering savages—that my white blood was as pure as his was crossed and defiled. After that I never visited the house again.

"I took my degree. Lily married the man she loved. It was not a happy marriage. She was always ill. She would nearly die and be miraculously saved . . . by the specialists! . . . Ha, ha! . . . It was I who saved her! I—the nigger! I, who loved her and worshipped her and adored her. I saved her again and again—I have given my life for hers. I have been compelled to remain near her to preserve her from the evil from afar. I am ruined; I cannot practise here. I tried; I failed. You respectable people will not have a 'black' doctor.

"I have lost everything, everything, save my little shrub and my power. My father answered to that last letter I sent when I was full of pride and learning and Western contempt, and he said: 'My son, you will see. I have given you many chances; now you must eat the dirt of the Christian gutters and drink the cup of despair. You will see the woman die, and be powerless to save her.'

"He washed his hands of me. But all the time they kept sending calamities on Lily. Her husband changed and became vile. Her children died whilst I was sick to death in the infirmary. I

[Continued overleaf.]

FOUR OF THEM.



DURING THE TAKING OF HIS MEASURE: TICKLISH!

DRAWN BY O. C. BARRETT.



THE VILLAIN: I've got the gold, and the papers; but where can I conceal the che-ild?

THE GALLERVITE: Wot abaht yer boots, guv'ner?

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE SHOW-GIRL: Oh, everything's wrong, my dear. My furs haven't come from Revillon's; my motor's broken down; and I asked the manager to give me a rise from a pound to twenty-five shillings, and he refused.

DRAWN BY JOHNS.



TOMMY (after repeated attempts to get at the jam, and not realising the arrival of his mother): If I pull the house down, I won't be beaten.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

was arrested at the instigation of the husband for suspicious loitering. The magistrate sent me to prison, and when I came out Lily was at point of death.

"I stole my twig of *arbor vitae* from Kew—and saved her. I lived by all manner of subterfuges and vile means—to buy a shrub and keep it alive in a little room where I now live. Her husband has lately deserted her, but by my prayers she is now well in health, and a rich old uncle has looked after her. Her father died mysteriously.

"Lily will not see me nor speak to me. She is afraid. She thinks that it is I who have dogged her and brought all these tortures into her life . . . because I desired her for myself. . . .

"Lately I wrote to India and offered my people to return and undergo any penance and purification, and do anything, if they would stop their magic and spare Lily in the future. But they reply: 'No! You must finish as you have begun. The woman must die. That is your punishment!'

"I am at the end. I have no money—no hope. I love this woman too much; sometimes I wish to let her die—but I cannot! I have been thinking that when I am dead she may be all right. I think that if I protect her up to the moment I die she may be safe after. But I am not sure. . . . I am not sure! They might go on and kill her slowly, torture her, as revenge! . . .

"Ah, you think I am mad! You think I have delude myself? You are the first to whom I have spoken of this—the first who has helped me—who has not trampled me into your gutters because I love. . . .

"I was struck off the medical register—so I may not practise, even could I find patients. I pick up a few pence amongst the very poor by treating them surreptitiously. I have been imprisoned for begging. And, now, Sir, as you see, I am dying!"

There was silence. I looked into the emaciated face of the Indian and into his glowing eyes.

"Of course," I said, to humour him, "this lady would not believe that the magic performed in India affected her, or that your counter-spells protected her? If she did, I should suggest that she goes to. . . Well, if she were a Catholic, for instance, would she be able to resist the evil?"

"I do not know," he answered, "but her husband has made her practically an atheist! You will think me still madder if I state that she is thus wholly unprotected and open to the attacks of—oh, of wizards and demons!"

He looked at me and laughed.

"That, too, was part of the magic—they robbed her of her armour of faith. Listen! If—if—would you, if necessity compels, take care of my *arbor vitae*—will you tend my little plant?"

He leaned forward, and I felt his hot, dry fingers close on mine. I said that I would, and gave him my name and address.

At least a month later the Indian doctor was recalled to mind by the sight of the beautiful, fair woman in black furs. She was being wheeled out in a bath-chair and looked frightfully ill. Then, a week after this, I got a letter from St. Michael's Hospital, which begged me to go to a certain street in a low neighbourhood, not far away, and fetch the *Thuja Occidentalis* and a tin box. The doctor said that he had been suddenly stricken with pneumonia, and had lain dangerously ill for four weeks. I did as I was asked, and found that the frowsy landlady had preserved the little shrub. I took it, together with the tin box, and went down to Michael's; and there I found the Indian, wasted to a shadow. He wept like a child when I gave him his evergreen. He said that he knew that Lily was dying, and that he must save her. He heaped a multitude of blessings on my head, and I left him muttering over the plant with fixed, unseeing eyes. The nurse told me that he was not "quite right," but that, as an old student of the hospital, they let him do as he liked. She said that he had kept on asking for the *arbor vitae* in his delirium.

It was autumn when I again came across the Indian doctor. He called on me. I found him well-dressed and happy. He said—

"My friend—for, Sir, you must allow me to call you that—I have come to tell you the end of my story. I come, also, to thank you for your kind help to a poor vagrant whom you thought mad. Ha, ha, ha! Did you not?"

"When I came out of Michael's, I was very ill and very poor. But, quite by chance, as you will say, but by the will of the gods, I think, I meet a man whom I knew in India when a little boy. He is rich barrister in Lincoln's Inn—he is over here studying law so that he go back and preach sedition and all that tommy-rot. Well, he take me in as suffering brother crushed beneath the tyrant's heel, and all that!"

"Well, to proceed; I go first to find out how Lily is getting on. I find that she does not go out of the house—that her husband, who had deserted her, had returned when her uncle, who was looking after her, dies and leaves her all his money—as I recount to you before. Of course, the husband comes back then—he is a fiend—it all has to do with the sendings from India—he is one of them. I am in a fearful stew about my beloved lady—she is ill—my spells seem to be now of no effect. No doctor calls at the house. I decide

on bold course of action, being now well clothed and in funds. I call at the house and say to the maid that I am old Indian friend of Lily's father. The maid says that Lily is too ill to see anyone. She seems glad to talk to someone, and I say that I am veree old friend of family, and so on. Finally, she weeps and say that ever since the man has come back things have gone wrong and her mistress has been veree ill, and that the man was cruel. . . .

"Ah, my blood boils, I can tell you! I say I am doctor; and that she must go and ask her mistress to see me. I am reckless! Lily is in bed—she is shocking sight. She can hardly speak.

"It is most awkward situation, and I almost regret getting into it, but I remember the French proverb—*toujours de l'audace!*

"She was very upset and kept on looking at the clock and begging me to go. I ask if she has seen a doctor, and she says No—her husband is tending her.

"I pick up the bottles by the bedside and smell and taste them, for I fear poison! I am sure of it!"

"I say that I go to fetch the G.P., but she cries out 'No, no!' and is evidently in fear and much cowed. I boldly mention money matters and the return of husband after his desertion—and connect with him her present sickness. She began to weep like small child and to pray to God! It was awful!"

"I say, 'Pray—pray hard, my dear! If you can truly pray, all will be well'—for I think of the magic from the Brahmins in India!

"And then I hear footsteps on the stairs! The door opens and the man with the yellow hair and steel eyes comes into the room. I had my back to the window, and my heart beats hard. His jaw fell and he went white, and then the red blood surges into his face, and his eyes blaze, and he abuses me in filthy language, and says he will fetch police. I bluff. I step forward and pick up little bottles off the bed-table and say quietly—

"By all means send for police, Sir! I am about to do so myself! They will be much interested in the contents of these bottles!"

"Ha, ha! You should have seen him! He sprang for me. I pull out this automatic pistol and say—

"Stop! The game is up! None of your violence! There is plain-clothes detective waiting outside. Let me tell you that anything you may say will be taken down and used as evidence against you! Go downstairs!"

"Good God!" he says, in a low voice. "That — nigger has got me!"

"And he is trembling! I—the poor nigger, ha, ha!—say, shortly—

"Now, Mr. So-and-So; it is in your interest that Lily—that your poor wife—recovers—that nothing happens! I can leave her with an easy mind . . . To fly condemns you!" Ha, ha! . . .

"I, covering him with pistol, go out, and I am glad to be in the fresh air. I was really in fearful fix if my suspicions were baseless, or we could not get evidence! But I go straight to my barrister friend, and we take the medicines to a doctor at the hospital, and he finds two subtle alkalies in them—slow poisons. Then we go to the police and they get a warrant, and we all go back to Lily. But the man had flown. He has never been found, nor has his body been discovered. He just went away—like a puff of steam!"

"Lily, of course, got all right quickly now that the drugs were stopped. Her husband had come back when she inherit that money, and tries to make her finance him, and make her will in his favour. She was fool enough to give in to him, instead of going to magistrate for protection.

"But, now, Sir, I will tell you the queer part of all this—which you will—pooh-pooh. Ha, ha! will you not?"

"The exact time after this event—I mean when Lily was saved by the poor Hubshi—that it took for the letter to come to England, I hear that my father is dead! I have worked it out, Sir; to the very day! He had forgiven me with his last breath and taken off the spells—stopped the magic! They ask me to go back to India—to assume the ancient hereditary office of my family."

"Ah, Sir, that is the wrench. She is now fond of me, but I must leave her and go back to be a Brahmin! I should have obeyed my father at first! No good can come of such a passion as mine—I can never marry her—no good could come of it! Even in this tolerant London we should be more or less taboo, and in the East it would be impossible—impossible! And yet, anthropologically, I am as good a white man as any of you—I am of pure Aryan descent, as I said before."

"I go back to my old earth-mother—India—and shall find rest! I have given the *arbor vitae* to—to my little queen. Ah, I shall always think of her as my marvellously beautiful ideal! Yes, she has promised to cherish the little tree of life—but she will never understand—never!"

"Well, good-bye! . . ."

The Indian Doctor rose, and, in a little while, departed. After he had gone I stood at the lift of the flats, pondering.

"Are you going down or up, Sir?" asked the boy.

"Well, upon my soul, I don't know! . . . I don't know!" I answered.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

SELK

NOTIFIABLE GOLF DISEASES: A SUGGESTED PLAN OF REGISTRATION.

A New Bureau Wanted.

and autumn seasons, the remedies which were applied for their removal, and how far they succeeded. Golfers of all kinds have

made statements of their recent afflictions and how they have been overcome; and the results have inevitably been instructive and suggestive. When the ideal and highly organised state of golf is established, a big bureau will be set up, and it will be made obligatory on every player who has suffered from some golfing disease to notify the same to the Registrar-General, who will thereupon file particulars of the case and all about the manner in which the trouble was cured. For, let it be remembered, even in the case of the humblest and least efficient players, every trouble is cured, even if it is only for a time and it returns again, or even if it is only got rid of for another to take its place. A life in which one contracted any of the kinds of golfing ills with which we are familiar, or any of the thousands of others which are unknown to us, and they could never be got rid of, the only hope being that when the soul of the sufferer was removed to another sphere there would be no pulling and slicing there—or whatever the special form of earthly torture was—would be too terrible to contemplate. As things are, the human being gets rid of affliction after affliction, and, such being the buoyancy of his spirits and the irrepressible hope with which every golfer is fortunately endowed, he thinks every time that he has got to the end of his miseries. The advantage

PLAYER IN THE INTERESTING MATCH AT SUNNINGDALE: ALEX HERD.
Alex Herd (of Coombe Hill), the ex-Open Champion, gave Mr. Harris four strokes a round—at the 2nd, 7th, 11th, and 15th.

Photograph by Sport and General.

bureau for the registration of diseases contracted and cured, with full particulars, would be that when a man caught a new one he could just run along there in a taxi and get the clerks to rummage through the registers and produce for him a statement about similar cases that had been reported previously, and how they had been successfully dealt with; for there are now so many golfers, and they have so many faults at so many different times, that it is impossible for any case to be really new and original. By thus consulting the registers, the applicant might apply the proper remedy without a moment's delay, and materially cut down the duration of his sufferings, to say nothing of preventing himself from inoculating his system with a new kind of deadly microbe to kill the other one with, as is often done. I think we need this bureau, and the work at it would be so extensive that it might cost nearly as much to run it as it does to work the new Insurance Tax.

The Man Who Swayed.

In one of the cases that have been reported upon, the man is said to have been an excellent player, and at the height of the season to have been driving very well indeed, when, as often happens, he wanted to drive even better, and to get as long a ball as anybody. Thinking upon this ambition and the means of gratifying it, he determined to cultivate a little flatter swing, and to reach out rather more and lower in the early part of the backswing in order to get it. Then his driving went all to bits, and suffered from nearly every fault that driving ever has

been afflicted with; and the worst of it was that when the player thought he had better get back to the old way as fast as he could, he was unable to do so, because he did not know exactly what it was that had gone wrong. This, again, often happens. He found out eventually that the effort to get that flat swing, and the reaching out to the right to the extent he did in order to get it, had started a little movement of the head and a general swaying of the body; and when a man commits these faults he can drive no better than a small child—and of all faults they are the most difficult to discover, for the very least movement of either head or body is enough to do an infinity of harm.

On Jerking With Irons.

Then another unfortunate golfer relates how he got into the way in his iron-play of doing too much hitting rather than swinging, having been induced to this fault by excessive book-learning, combined with the teaching of some professionals on the course. He says that, in this way, he got into the habit of holding his club too low down on the shaft, and of "pinching" his approaches, as he terms it. After a spell of absence from the game he came back to it with a determination to play all his iron shots in a different way, which he had conceived in his imagination while he had been away from the links, this way being to hold the club much higher up, to swing back much more slowly, and with a stiffish left wrist, to make something much like a pause at the top of the swing, and to make the down-swing and follow-through with what he aptly described as "an easy, flowing stroke." He found that this made a world of difference to his short game. A third person tells how he went in for too much bending of the left elbow when swinging his driver back, and how this resulted in nearly all his swing coming from the wrists, so that eventually it became really no swing at all, but a very exaggerated perpendicular movement. He not only got rid of his new set of faults, but greatly improved his driving altogether by cultivating the idea of the left arm being one continuous piece with the driver, keeping the left wrist very firm, and reaching out well with it. Another man during the season came sadly to grief through going in for the "sitting-down" style of driving, as some people call it, consisting of driving with an appreciable bend in both knees all the time. Some of the best players have found this style effective, but it needs much careful management, and is apt to lead to a hundred troubles, as it did in this case, the man developing swaying, ducking of the shoulder, buckling of the knees, and all kinds of the most serious troubles, which were duly killed by a determined reversion to the stand-up way of despatching the ball from the tee. Such samples of cases clearly indicate the possibilities of the new bureau when we get it.

PLAYER IN THE INTERESTING MATCH AT SUNNINGDALE: MR. ROBERT HARRIS.

Mr. Harris is, of course, the well-known Scottish International golfer (of Acton). He beat Herd in the 36-hole match in question by 4 and 3.

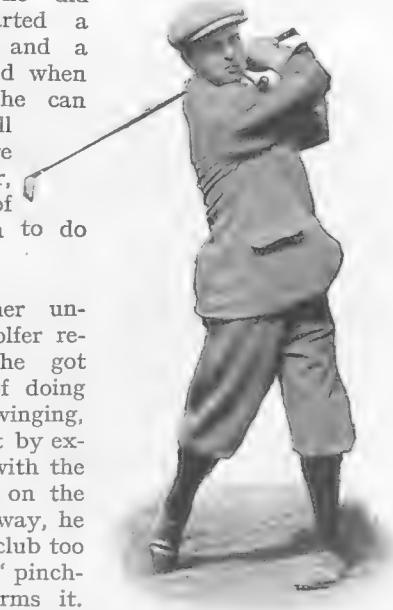
Photograph by Sport and General.



**ENGAGED TO MR. JACK VANDERVORT,
OF PITTSBURG, U.S.A.: MISS DOROTHY
IONA CAMPBELL.**

Miss Campbell, who was born at Edinburgh in 1883, won the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championship in 1905, 1906, and 1908; the British Championship in 1909 and 1911; the American Championship in 1909 and 1910; and the Canadian Championship in 1910 and 1911. She now lives in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Photograph by Kate Pragwell.



HENRY LEACH.



PANTALOON, A PIANIST, AND A PARTY.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S victory over Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. George Bernard Shaw has now assumed the dimensions of a rout. Having vanquished them in the triple bill at the Duke of York's Theatre, where his "Rosalind" still survives after the efforts of his rivals have faded away into oblivion; he is now

showing to the world that he is as much at home in a music-hall as he is in a theatre. His "Twelve-Pound Look" has, of course, been staged at various halls, and is now followed by the inclusion of his "Pantaloons" in the Coliseum programme. There is a quaint pathos—all Mr. Barrie's own—in this little piece, which is very well interpreted by a good all-round company. It is a pathetic picture, that of the aged Pantaloons who still clings to the delusion that he is the second funniest man on earth, and naïvely asks: "Should you like me to be funny now, or shall we have tea first?" And Mr. Holman Clark gets to the heart of the house when he depicts the misery of the ancient buffoon thrown out of employment by Joey the clown, because Columbine prefers Harlequin for her husband. He is equally effective

AUTHOR OF "AN ADVENTURE OF ARISTIDE PUJOL," AT THE HAYMARKET: MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Mr. Locke, who was born in March 1863, son of Mr. John Locke, of Barbadoes, won his first big success as novelist with "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," in 1905, although he had done excellent work before that. Since then he has written, notably, "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," "Simon the Jester," and "The Glory of Clementina Wing." His dramatic works include "The Morals of Marcus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and "The Man from the Sea."

Photograph by Hoppé.

when all ends happily on the return of the eloping couple, accompanied by a baby clown who fills the old man with joy by giving him once more a touch of the red-hot poker and a nibble at the historic sausages. Mr. Barrie is also well served by Miss Pauline Chase, who has so often represented his Peter Pan. Miss Chase is very dainty and simple in her Columbine dress, and plays her part exactly, I should imagine, as Mr. Barrie would have it played. Mr. Willie Warde is all that could be desired in the character of Harlequin, and the other parts are very capably filled. Mr. Barrie's whimsical pathos and fun appeal strongly to the Coliseumites, and the old idea that a sketch could be too good for the halls is now exploded once and for all.

And a Piano. The line that used to be drawn between the theatres and the halls, in fact, to all intents and purposes no longer exists. The theatre, with its ever-increasing number of triple bills, is rapidly becoming a theatre of varieties, while the variety houses are devoting themselves more and more to high-class drama and comedy. These tendencies become more marked every day, and it looks very much as if in a few years' time there will be little to differentiate the two. The "front-piece," which was till recently a feature of the London playhouse is giving way to something akin to a "turn," and as often as not a comedy is preceded by an entertainer at the piano, or a "yarn-spinner" like Miss Helen Mar. We may live to see the day when Cinquevalli

inaugurates the evening at the St. James's, and when Arthur Prince ventriloquises before "Hamlet." One of the best of the artists who are pianists and vocalists combined is Mr. Tom Clare, who is a firmly established favourite at the Pavilion and the Tivoli. He would make a capital "front-piece" at a theatre, for his entertainment is eminently clever and completely beyond reproach. He has a large repertory, which includes nothing that is not instinct with humour and perfectly clean. A better pianist than most of his rivals, he accompanies his songs with sureness and distinction, and his quiet and easy manner comes as a pleasant relief after the more robust methods of those who have preceded him. He has a still small voice, which has the knack of penetrating to the farthest corner of the building and, though it can hardly be called a voice at all, never allows a word of the lyric to be missed by the listeners. Perhaps the most attractive and successful of the songs he is now singing is "The Night when the Old Cow died," which alludes to most of the topics of the day in terms of sympathetic sarcasm, to a tune which almost brings a tear to the eye.

A Concert Party. There is no doubt that music-hall audiences welcome something quiet and sedate every now and then. After the clang and clatter of the orchestra, and the lustily repeated chorus of the comic song, there is a restfulness about a peaceful turn which the spectators find grateful and comforting. Continuous laughter entails muscular effort, and a house would soon become physically worn out if something soothing were not occasionally provided for it, giving it a few moments for recuperation. The

comedians cannot have it all their own way, and the other night at the Tivoli, after Marie Lloyd, Footingers, and others had worked their own sweet will for some time, I found that the house contentedly settled down to sudden silence to listen to a party calling themselves "The Melodians." There are five of them—a lady at the piano, a lady with a cello and another with a voice, a male violinist and a tenor—and they render music by such composers as Rubinstein and Gounod. Each is a competent artist, and their performance is sound and satisfactory.

Though they occupy the stage for a considerable time, I could see no restlessness on the part of the audience, nor was there anything in the nature of an exodus in the direction of the bars. The sight would have opened the eyes of the goody-goodies who will have it that the lost souls who frequent the halls go solely in search of vulgarity and suggestiveness.



AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN DOOM," AT THE HAYMARKET: LORD DUNSANY.

Lord Dunsany, the publication of whose "Book of Wonder" in "The Sketch" will be remembered by our readers, is the eighteenth Baron of a creation dating from 1439, was born in July 1878, and succeeded in 1899. Then a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, he fought in South Africa at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. In 1904, he married Lady Beatrice Child Villiers, daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey. He is, of course, well known as a writer.

Photograph by Hoppé.

The sight would have opened the eyes of the goody-goodies who will have it that the lost souls who frequent the halls go solely in search of vulgarity and suggestiveness.



RACES—MANX AND FRENCH: WAY FOR A TALBOT! CADILLAC ELECTRIC-LIGHTING TESTS.

A Race in the Isle of Man. The announcement, made in the *Isle of Man Weekly Times* of Oct. 5 last, to the effect that a motor-car race, or races, would assuredly be held by the Royal Automobile Club in the Island next year, and to which I drew attention some weeks ago, was clearly founded on fact, although no one in this country credited it at the time. It would be interesting to know the personality of the prominent member of the R.A.C. who enabled the Isle of Man paper to be ahead with this interesting item of news. But as it is now common property, and the member, if he be known, has probably been already hauled over the coals by his Committee for his loquacity, the matter need not be further laboured. It is now known that the Competitions Committee of the R.A.C. has passed a resolution recommending the Committee to hold a motor-race in the Isle of Man in 1913, and that that recommendation has the support of the Society of Motor-Manufacturers and Traders, which body has for so long turned their thumbs down in connection with any such suggestion. We have, I think, to thank the success of the late Coupe de l'Auto for this, for it must have been clear to the Society that the minority of its members who wanted to race would go abroad to race if race they could not at home.

Effect on the Grand Prix. The above announcement has reached France, and has apparently had the effect of changing the views held of the Grand Prix Race by the French Club and the French Industrial bodies. It was publicly



THE TAXI IN THE DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS: CABS FOR HIRE IN HEREFORD STREET, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

stated that, lacking the minimum thirty entries, the Grand Prix Race would certainly not be held, but now we learn from the other side that, whatever the number of entries, the event will go on as usual. Having regard to the fact that only sixteen entries had been received up to October 30, the day fixed for the closure, this is somewhat remarkable, but now fresh entries will be received until the end of the current year. The conditions of the Grand Prix will be based entirely on petrol consumption, altogether irrespective of engine dimensions and weight of chassis. The conditions which will govern the race in the Isle of Man have not yet been published, but rumour has it that they will probably prove so complicated and perverse that manufacturers are likely to be scared off rather than attracted.

The Speed Début of the Talbot. Sighing for fresh worlds to conquer—surfeited, doubtless, with success after success in hill-climbs and such-like—the Invincible Talbot has issued suddenly and unexpectedly to demonstrate its invincibility on the track. On the morning of Saturday, Nov. 16, as the great Show of 1912 was nearing its end, it was brought home to the sponsors of the Sunbeam and Vauxhall fliers that another Richmond was in the field. Without beat of drum or sound of trumpet, the 4-in. 25-h.p. Talbot, with its 101·1 mm. by 140 mm. engine, driven by Mr. Percy Lambert, set out to make mincemeat of the short-distance records hitherto presumed to be attainable only by racing monsters. In favourable weather, this car—which was standard in every feature save the pistons and connecting-rods, which were in B.N.D. steel—succeeded in covering the flying half-mile at a speed of 113·28 miles per hour, the kilomètre at 112·81 miles per hour, the full mile at 111·73 miles per hour, and the lap at 109·43 miles per hour. The car

weighed no less than 2250 lb., or just 10 lb. over a ton., with petrol, oil, and driver up. The adjuncts and aids to this wonderful performance were Palmer rubber tyres (820 mm. by 120 mm.) a Stewart-Talbot carburetter, Bosch magneto, and shock-absorbers, which operated admirably in keeping the wheels on the track.

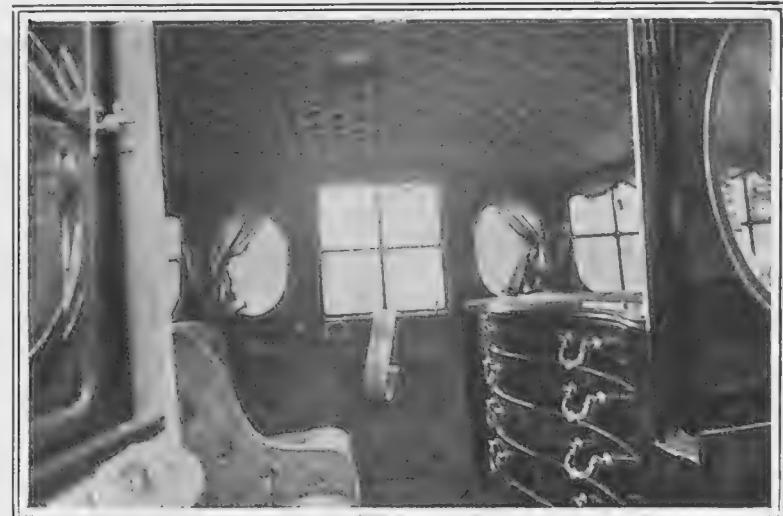
The certificate in connection with the well-known Cadillac Electric Lighting and Ignition System has been issued by the Royal Automobile Club, and proves the complete success of the apparatus. The trial took place between September 23 and October 7 last, a distance of 2000½ miles being run upon the Club's standard routes. The time occupied was twelve days, and the lamps were alight, on an average, for ten hours a day. An examination of the system after the trial showed that the commutators and brushes and bearings of the dynamo were in good order—as also were the contacts of the magnetic cut-in. The cells were in moderately good condition, although the amount of deposit in the bottom thereof was somewhat large. The electric bulbs were found to be somewhat discoloured, but the distributor contacts of the ignition were in a very satisfactory state. It will be realised that a test of this kind is altogether beyond what a lighting set is likely to be subjected to in the hands of the ordinary owner; ten hours a day is, of course, a period for which such lights would never be required.



DROPPER OF PAMPHLETS OVER ADRIANOPLIS: THE RUSSIAN AIRMAN EFIMOFF, WHO IS SERVING WITH THE BULGARIAN ARMY.

It was reported the other day that refugees from Adrianople had said that some consternation was felt by the military authorities of that place owing to the distribution of leaflets, in Turkish, dropped into the lines and into the besieged town itself by a Bulgarian airman. These pamphlets stated that the Bulgarians were not warring against the Mohammedans, but were merely desirous of lifting the Turkish yoke from their necks, and continued, "Why let yourselves be killed to please your Pashas?" Mr. Efimoff, after dropping the pamphlets, continued to fly over the town until he was above one of the forts. Turkish infantry fired at him, and four bullets struck the planes of his machine. Then the artillery began, and a number of shrapnel bullets hit the machine.

Photograph by Topical.



THE MOTOR-CAR AS A DRAWING-ROOM! THE REMARKABLY ORNATE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LATEST AUTOMOBILES; WITH ARM-CHAIR, BUREAU, AND OTHER UNUSUAL FITTINGS.

Photograph by Meurisse.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



NO LONGER A WARRIOR OF THE BALKANS — IN DEFERENCE TO THE VICTORIOUS ALLIES: A CHARACTER IN THE FRENCH VERSION OF "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

In view of the victories of the Balkan States, the manager of the Apollo Theatre, in Paris, where "The Chocolate Soldier" is being given, decided that jokes about comic Servian and Bulgarian warriors were now out of place, and has changed the scene.

Photograph by Watery.



APES ON A FLYING-MACHINE; HANS AND GRETA WITH MR. J. L. HALL ON HIS BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE, AT REDMIRE.

Hans and Greta, warmly and appropriately clad for the occasion, paid a visit to Mr. J. L. Hall on his Blériot monoplane the other day. They arrived by taxi-cab, and were much interested, especially in the airman's safety-helmet. A cinematograph machine was soon at work, together with a number of cameras; and, for the benefit of the photographers, Mr. Hall made a circuit of the ground. His unusual passengers accompanied him in the flight. Greta, it is reported, preferred to crouch at the bottom of the car, but Hans could be seen by the spectators sitting up behind the pilot in quite the best human manner. The two apes come from the Sheffield "Jungle."

Photograph by W. H. Babington.



GOAL-KEEPER IN THE HOCKEY MATCH BETWEEN WEST HERTS AND MIDDLESEX: VISCOUNTESS GRIMSTON, WIFE OF THE SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF VERULAM.

Viscountess Grimston kept goal for West Herts against Middlesex in a ladies' hockey match at Pinner the other day. Before her marriage, in 1909, she was known as Lady Violet Constance Maitland Brabazon, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Meath.

Photograph by Record Press.



RELAXATION WHILE ON DUTY IN CONSTANTINOPLE: BRITISH SAILORS PLAYING FOOTBALL AT THE BACK OF THE BRITISH CLUB.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



SEA-SICKNESS AS A DIVERSION! A SIDE-SHOW GIVING THE EFFECTS OF A BOAT IN A STORM, IN PARIS.

Photograph by Delius.



MOTHER OF A PROSPECTIVE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: THE ARCHDUCHESS ZITA.

The Archduchess Charles Francis Joseph, formerly Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parme, gave birth the other day to a son. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Heir to the Throne, resigned the right of succession of children of his morganatic marriage, and, in the ordinary course, will be succeeded by the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, who married in October 1911.

Photograph by E.N.A.



THE SPEAKER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AS AIR: MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER (ON THE RIGHT) WITH MISS CHRISTINA WOOLNER-BUXENDALL AS BREATH OF AIR.

A children's play, bearing the title "Winds," is to be given for two matinées at the Court Theatre, in aid of the League of Pity (Children's Branch) of the N.S.P.C.C. Most of the players in the cast of seventy are children, thirty of them under nine. Mrs. Christopher Lowther, who is playing Air, is the daughter-in-law of the Speaker; as Miss Ina Pelly, she was Water in the original production of "The Blue Bird."

Photograph by Record Press.



THE WINNING JOCKEY FOR THE FOURTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: F. WOOTTON, THE FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL RIDER.

F. Wootton, who headed the list of winning flat-race jockeys for 1912, is a remarkable boy. He is not quite nineteen years old, but has been champion jockey for four years in succession; and in 1908 was second, in spite of a month's suspension. His record of winning rides during the last five years is 1912, 118; 1911, 187; 1910, 137; 1909, 165; 1908, 129.

Photograph by Sherborn.

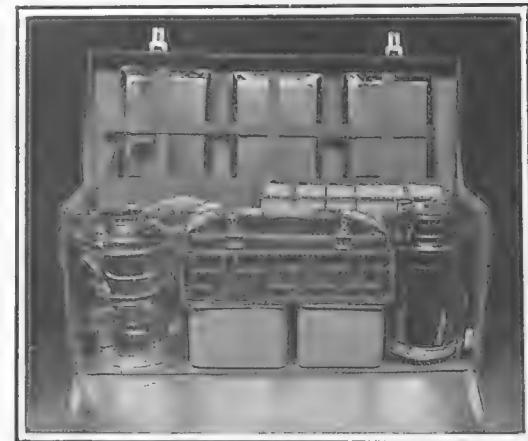
bought from 35s. to twenty-five guineas. The things made by this firm for invalids and the physically handicapped are beyond all praise. There is a hand-propelled tricycle with a movable foot-rest, so that the passenger can get conveniently into the seat; it has a free-wheel, and the steering is managed by gently turning the handles to right or left. It is a wonderful little machine, and very light and graceful. The Carbrek table (the name is a combination of "Carter" and "breakfast") is proving a great draw; it is beautifully finished now, with a stand enamelled to match the wood. Lack of space forbids my saying all for it that I would like to say, but the firm has issued a daintily finished brochure which charmingly illustrates the adaptability of this popular table. It will be sent to anyone on application.



"CAR" FOR CARTER'S AND "BREK" FOR BREKKER: THE CARBREK TABLE.
Messrs. Carter, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street.

'smart people, because one knows how delightful the combination of pretty ornaments and smart wearers always is. Hunt and Roskell's,

in alliance with J. W. Benson, at 25, Old Bond Street, is always a safe place at which to find novel and pretty ornaments. Among the newest and most attractive are diamond filets for the hair; the setting is platinum, and they are quite pliable, sitting down flatly on well-arranged hair in quite the classical manner. These filets are in perfect designs; and sewn on to velvet, they also make becoming and imposing collars. There are many less expensive presents, arranged specially for clients at Christmas-time, when the strain on even well-filled purses is heavy. Neck-slides are of all things desirable; a very pretty one in small fine diamonds, with a pearl in the centre, costs only £14 14s.; another of a little less elaborate design, £10 10s. A long-shaped brooch, such as is now so greatly in vogue, set with diamonds and sapphires, is a very acceptable gift at £6 5s.; while, set with diamonds and rubies, it is £8. Nothing is more useful and ornamental than watch-bracelets; of these there are at J. W. Benson's, in alliance with Hunt and Roskell, a wonderful choice in the very newest models: gold watches set with brilliants there are, and platinum watches set with single or double rows of diamonds—octagonal, square, oblong, and round in shape, dull or bright—on extending bracelets: these are the most perfect things for presents. The dainty little Christmas list issued by this very strong combination of firms gives illustrations and more information as to gifts suitable for the season.



FOR THE PERFECT PICNIC: A DUST AND WATER-PROOF LUNCHEON AND TEA CASE.
Messrs. Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus.

the first places to go to in search of beautiful gifts which are also useful. A magnificent thing is their Model 26 dust and waterproof luncheon-case for six persons; it is invaluable for motoring and

touring. In it are all the requisites for this favourite meal. One has been made quite recently for a ruling prince of India. It is also fitted for tea for six people—there are an infuser, stove, regulating lamp, six knives and forks,

spoons and tea-spoons, tea and sugar tins, extra large provision-box, chin-lined butter-box, two-pint wickered bottles, one milk-bottle, three condiment-jars, all with silver-plated screw-on caps; two enamelled steel provision-boxes, with silver-plated covers; six enamelled cups and saucers, six glass tumblers in wicker casings, six round enamelled plates and six square ones, one large vacuum-jar for hot food, salt and mustard spoons, corkscrew, box for matches, and six serviettes—not much left out there for a luncheon! Fitted as stated, the price is £19 10s.; or in plain quality, with only the kettle silver-plated, £17 10s. Another case has an ingenious contrivance of drawers and trays, containing four provision-cases each. These are put separately

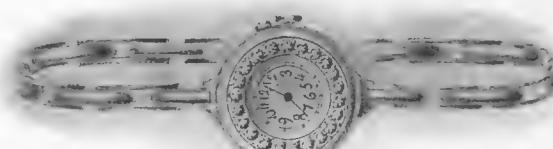
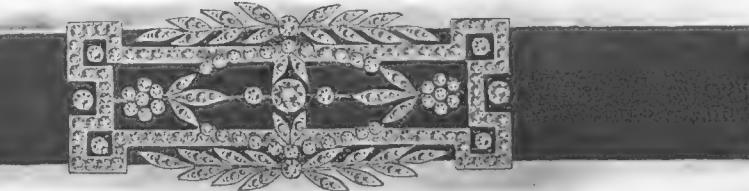
on the stove to warm, so that eight dishes are heated at once. For an Indian prince there are in this case thirty-six electro-plated gilt bowls and twelve smaller ones—

these are called catories—and six large plated dishes, or thals; each guest has one handed to him with several small catories, a dinner-plate, beakers, etc.; there are also cruets, knives, forks, spoons, etc. It is a

triumph of compactness. There is also for his Highness, who lives a great deal in camp, a dinner-case for six persons, which includes twenty-four dinner-plates, cruets, toast-racks, pickle-jars, jam-jars, dessert knives and forks, fish and table knives and forks, soup and gravy spoons, meat and fish carvers, and a complete coffee-service.

Watches for Use Every year the demand for watch-bracelets grows

greater. They are so convenient and so pretty. Whether for evening or for day wear, they are equally suitable that they fit over gloves, and prove in every way quite satisfactory. Among the many beautiful jewelled ornaments which the Association of Diamond Merchants have in readiness for their



FIT OFFERINGS TO BEAUTY: A BROOCH, A DIAMOND HAIR-FILET, AND A WATCH-BRACELET.

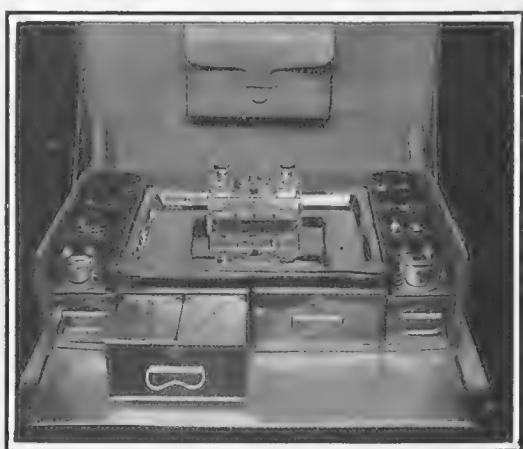
Messrs. J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond Street, and 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill.

day wear, they are equally suitable that they fit over gloves, and prove in every way quite satisfactory. Among the many beautiful jewelled ornaments which the Association of Diamond Merchants have in readiness for their customers is a large and varied collection of these watches. A flexible Milanese bracelet of fifteen-carat gold, having a fancy border and fitted with an eighteen-carat gold lever-movement watch, costs only £10 10s. A very beautiful one is the highest-grade platinum expanding bracelet, set with a double row of double-cut diamonds, each stone of them selected; lever movement,

For Nomadic Meals de Luxe.

Everybody knows that Drew and Son's, Piccadilly Circus, is one of

compensated balance, and accurate timekeeper. This watch-bracelet costs £45, and is cheap at that price. There is a great feeling for varied shapes in these watches—one which is oval is in sterling



AS MADE FOR A RULING PRINCE OF INDIA: AN IDEAL LUNCHEON-CASE.

Messrs. Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus.



THE ARM-CHAIR EPICUREAN: AN ADJUSTABLE RECLINING CHAIR AND LITERARY MACHINE READING-STAND.

Messrs. Carter, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street.

silver, first-quality lever movement, on a fine leather strap, with a silver buckle, really well finished, and costs only £3 15s. For £12 12s. there is a square-shaped watch in eighteen-carat gold, on a strap of finest leather. The watch is a reliable timekeeper, and makes a handsome gift. A similar one is also to be had. Very moderate in price is a nine-carat gold watch-bracelet, the flexible band of which will fit any wrist, at £4 4s. Very neat is a silver lever watch, with detachable strap having a silver buckle; the watch is a reliable timekeeper, and the price is £1 15s. These are a few specimens of presents to be found at The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. There are, of course, hundreds of others.

For Refreshment and Invigoration.
majority of women.



"RICH WITH THE SPOILS OF TIME": WATCH-BRACELETS FOR DAINTY WRISTS, WITH WATCHES ROUND, OVAL, OR SQUARE.

The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square.

There is nothing like 4711 Eau de Cologne. This is why it forms part of the Christmas present order of nearly every man, and a majority of women. Men know well how much ladies like it, and therefore are careful to send a box at this season of the year to their especial friends. Members of my own sex send it to each other, and to men friends, too, because they know its virtues. There is only one 4711 Eau de Cologne—known far and wide as a really indispensable kind. When travelling, a few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief and used to moisten the nostrils, wrists, and behind the ears, also the palms of the hands, will immensely refresh and invigorate. It is also a most delightful adjunct to the bath. This most acceptable of gifts can be had from all chemists and stores where high-class things are sold. To be quite sure that

A GIFT THAT KEEPS THE MEMORY OF THE GIVER FRAGRANT; A CASE OF 4711 EAU DE COLOGNE.

it is the right thing, see the magic figures clearly printed on a blue-and-gold label.

Useful Presents which are Handsome, Too.

There is no doubt that the gifts which give the greatest pleasure are those that can be used, and have a handsome appearance. The great firm of John Pound and Co. lay themselves out with complete success to provide a very great variety of them. At any of their establishments: 8, Leadenhall Street;

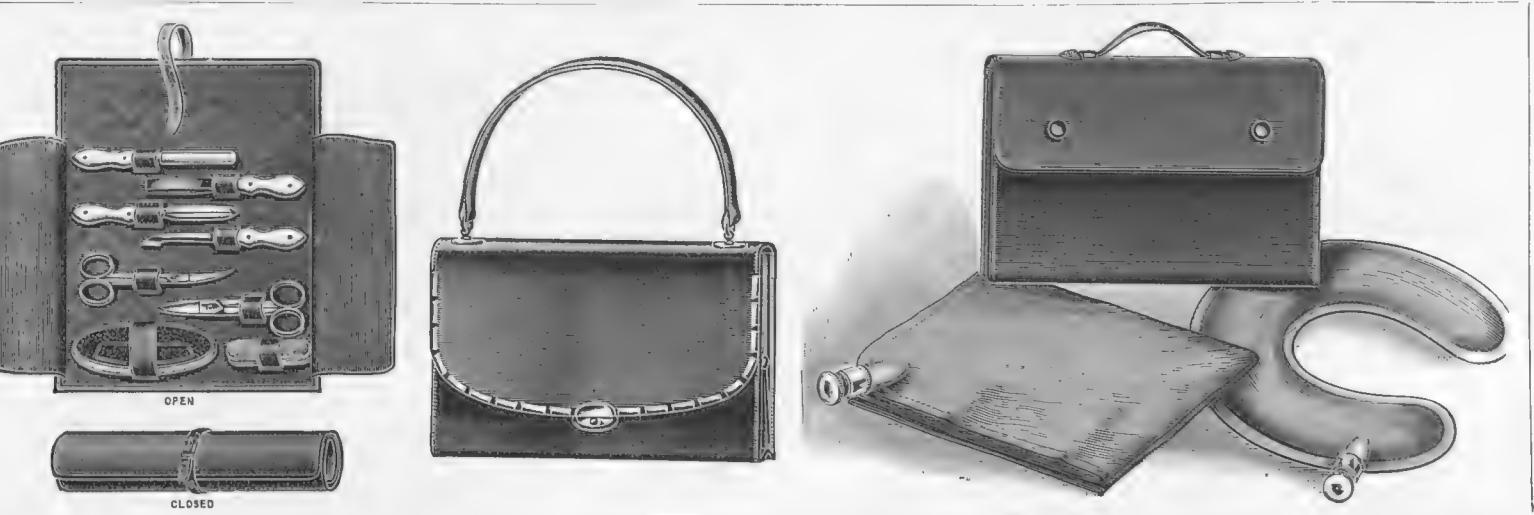


FOR DAINTY FINGERS AND DAINTY FINANCIERS: A MANICURE-SET AND A PURSE-BAG.

177, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 268, Oxford Street; or 243, Brompton Road, there is a certainty of finding what is wanted for useful and handsome presents, many of which have the added charm of novelty. A tie-holder for a man is a very ingenious thing; it hangs up and shows the ties so that one can easily be selected; for packing it folds them double and keeps them neat and trim; there is a pocket for studs and a place for pins; the price is 19s. 6d. In purse bags, the firm has an exceptionally large variety, both as regards make and size and also shape and price. These are offered at wonderful prices

because the sale is so large and quick. One of real morocco, with silver-gilt unbreakable clips and fastener, with leather handle, and fitted with special pockets, is a marvel for £1 1s. Most convenient and compact and handsome is a calf-velvet roll, fully fitted with a whole equipment for manicure; it costs only 17s. 6d., and will be one of the big successes of the season. A case containing a couple of air-pillows in a leather envelope, small enough to fit in a great-coat pocket or be carried on a finger, for 27s. 6d., is a gift that any motorist or train-traveller would love, often finding reason to bless the giver. Dressing-cases, particularly those made to fold up and go in a trunk, are in great variety. These are always successful presents. Fitted work-baskets, into which a lady can quickly tidy away her work when friends arrive, are in pretty designs, fully fitted, from 35s. Travelling slippers, in a case which is also an air-cushion, make another clever present, and cost, in any size, 19s. 6d. The firm will send an illustrated list on application.

If a firm have made shortbread for one hundred years, and their product remains in first favour, it is sure that their shortbread is of the best. Crawford's shortbread is made with pure table butter, and plenty of it. This is combined with other ingredients of the very best. The utmost care is taken in baking, and the result is a shortbread unsurpassed in flavour, quality, and excellence. The oval rich digestive biscuits of this same firm are also high in public favour. When ordering them from your grocer be careful to mention Crawford's oval rich digestive, and to see a picture of a boy on the tin. They are also sold loose by the pound.



SHORT IN FLAVOUR, BUT LONG IN FAVOUR: A BOX OF CRAWFORD SHORTBREAD.

[Continued on a later page.]

A RESTFUL GIFT FOR MOTORISTS OR TRAVELLERS: A GREAT-COAT POCKET-CASE THAT CONTAINS TWO AIR-PILLOWS.

Messrs. John Pound and Co., 8, Leadenhall Street; 177, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 268, Oxford Street; and 243, Brompton Road.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.

THE LATEST UNDERGROUND AMALGAMATION.

WRITING last Saturday, we expressed the belief that it was the Speyer interests who were negotiating with the Central London Railway, and early in the week the full terms were announced.

Holders of the undivided Ordinary stock of the latter concern will receive a 4 per cent. guarantee from the Underground Electric Railway, and will receive 40 per cent. of any surplus after payment of this dividend whenever the average annual dividend paid by the Central London Company for the three previous years is in excess of 4 per cent. This right to share in the surplus, although it may eventually become valuable, does not appear very important at present. It is five years since 4 per cent. was earned, and of late 3 per cent. has only been paid with difficulty, and by means of neglecting depreciation to a very serious extent.

Taking into consideration all recent developments and the benefit of the present working arrangement, we are inclined to reckon three or four years as the shortest possible period which must elapse before the 4 per cent. is earned, and therefore it must be at least six years before stockholders can look for any benefit from the surplus.

Since the publication of the terms the price of the securities has receded somewhat, and our opinion is that they are now fairly valued.

The City and South London Tube is also brought into the scheme, and holders of the Ordinary stock are offered 40 per cent. of the par value of their security in 4 per cent. Preferred stock of the London Electric Railways, together with 25 per cent. in Ordinary shares of the same undertaking. In this case the value of the securities offered approximates very closely to the present quotation for the City and South London stock.

Rumour now has it that the Metropolitan Railway, and with it the Great Northern and City Company, are likely to be the next additions to the Companies controlled by the Speyer group, and although we are not in a position to confirm this, there seem many more unlikely things.

KENT COAL.

Kent coal is again attracting attention, and there has been a good deal of trumpet-blowing in Dover. Mr. Burr has issued a characteristically optimistic statement to the shareholders of Kent Coal Concessions with regard to the progress made at the Snowdown and Tilmanstone collieries: the No. 3 shaft at the former has reached the first coal-seam, and it is reckoned that the "Beresford" seam, which it is proposed to work, will be reached within three weeks.

This is good news, but much remains to be done before any large quantities can be secured. The winding plant is inadequate at present, and a considerable sum will have to be spent in other ways before the colliery is in good order.

No one who has gone into the question fairly now doubts that coal exists in large quantities in Kent, and that it will eventually prove profitable. The trouble is still, as it always has been, that the finance is inadequate, and the financial methods inveterately optimistic.

However, it really begins to look as though the end is in sight, and certainly the prospect at Snowdown appears better than elsewhere. The Company has £77,839 Preference shares, 100,000 £1 Ordinary shares, 25,000 Founders' shares of 1s. each, and £50,000 10 per cent. Debentures. The Colliery has some 3000 acres adjoining the main line, and a fair amount of coal should be raised next year, and the output gradually increased.

After the number of disappointments that have been experienced in connection with these projects we are loth to recommend any shares, but the Snowdown Prefs. certainly seem to be the pick of the bunch.

AFRICAN FARMS.

The cable received from the Johannesburg office of this Company announcing that the general meeting is to be postponed in order to enable the European shareholders to consider the Report, also contains some encouraging remarks by the Chairman.

During the present year twenty-three farms were sold for £80,000, making a profit of £14,000, while the mineral rights were retained by the Company. The mill at the Welgevonden tin property is expected to begin working in April, after which the profits are estimated at £2000 a month. At the Leeuwenport property the mill is expected to start in July, and there are already some two years' ore in sight.

The capital of African Farms is £650,000 in £1 shares, now quoted a little over 15s., and although immediate dividends are

improbable, the shares appear to have considerable attraction as a speculative lock-up in view of the very large holding of freehold land.

The direct holdings amount to some 1,380,000 acres of freehold land (including that which has just been sold), with mineral rights over a further 95,000 acres, and additional large tracts are held through the Witwatersrand Land and Exploration Company.

Taking the market valuation of the capital, and deducting £188,000, being the value of share investments at the date of the last balance-sheet, and £50,000 for live-stock, buildings, improvements, we get £250,000 as the market valuation of the important mining and mineral rights, and the above-mentioned 1,380,000 acres of land.

In view of the increasing interest which has been apparent for some time in land situated in South Africa, there appears scope for improvement in the shares, and as the Government's schemes for light railways, irrigation, etc., come to fruition, the value of the farm land will be greatly enhanced.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We have more than once drawn correspondents' attention to the Common stock of the International Railways of Central America, which we consider a very promising speculative lock-up.

This Company's line extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and will shortly connect with the National Railways of Mexico, and excellent progress is shown by the published earnings—since the beginning of this year to the end of October there had been an increase of £76,550 in net earnings. At this rate there should be a surplus available for the Common stock, although, of course, any distribution is unlikely for the present.

* * * * *

We referred to the prospects of increased cost of coal to the railway companies last week, and it is now stated that the North-Eastern Company have had to pay an advance of 1s. 6d. per ton upon a new contract for 600,000 tons. This means £45,000 !

* * * * *

The affairs of the Thames Ironworks Company have been before the public a good deal during the last twelve months, and Mr. Hills' recent circular is distinctly interesting. We do not intend to go into the details of the scheme suggested, but the proposal seems a very fair one, and if, as Mr. Hills asserts, it can be carried out, there should be no necessity to dispose of the undertaking for £300,000, which does not seem a very liberal offer in face of the valuation of £800,000 made by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. last year.

* * * * *

Among Colonial Rails, the feature last week was undoubtedly the sharp rise in Grand Trunk Third Preference, which was helped by the excellent traffic increase of £21,349 for the second week of this month. There has been a very large amount of option-buying, in which some important groups are interested, and the stock has also been bought by dealers with options outstanding. It looks as though the advance were likely to continue.

LIVERPOOL NITRATE COMPANY.

The steady advance in the price of *Liverpool Nitrate* shares, now quoted at £29, is, of course, due partly to the excellent Report recently issued, and to the dividend of 50s. per share for the year, but is mainly caused by the knowledge that in a year's time production and profits will commence on a much larger scale. It was decided two years ago that the extent of the Company's properties justified exploitation on a larger scale; subsequently the officina Mapocho was acquired, thus connecting the two properties at Ramirez and San Donato, and a large new up-to-date Maquina was ordered, which will cost about £80,000, and will double the Company's output of nitrate. This Maquina is now in course of erection, and is expected to commence working in about twelve months from now. The new Maquina will contain all the latest labour-saving appliances, and should considerably lower the cost of production. It follows from this that the Company's prospects are extremely brilliant. During the last financial year—up to June 30 last—a net profit of £92,097 was earned, which enabled the Board to pay 50s. a share in dividends, after writing off more than £25,000 from the cost of properties. It should be noted that the issued capital consists of 28,400 shares of the value of £2 each, and that the cost of all the properties has been written down to a nominal figure, so that the whole of the profits earned will be available for distribution. With regard to the prospects for nitrate generally, I may quote the following from the speech of the Chairman, Sir Robert Harvey, at the annual meeting ten days ago: "The outlook for nitrate is at the moment all that can be desired, notwithstanding that freights are very much higher than they were this time last year. The value of spot nitrate is to-day quoted at 8s. 9d. f.o.b. on the coast, as compared with 7s. 9½d. a year ago; while 8s. 4d. is quoted for delivery for 1913; and 8s. 3d. for 1914."

From these figures it is clear that a considerably larger profit should be earned during the current twelve months, while in the future, unless anything unforeseen occurs, production and profits should be double what they were last year. An annual dividend of £4 or £5 per share is therefore not improbable. It is not surprising that the Chairman should have remarked at the meeting that "with the outlook of the almost certain results they would get from the new machinery, the present price of the

[Continued on page 5.]



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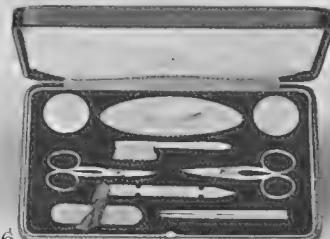
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; 220, REGENT STREET; 158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.;
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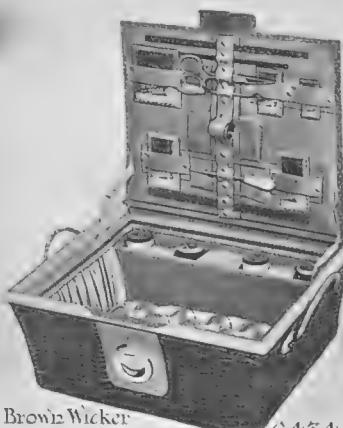
G496 Case of Manicure Instruments Solid Ivory. Best Steel Scissors Complete £1.1.0



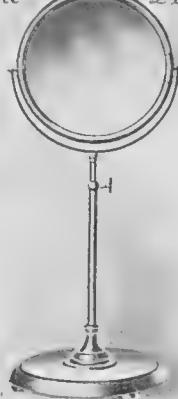
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Shem-el-Nessim

SCENT OF ARABY Regd.

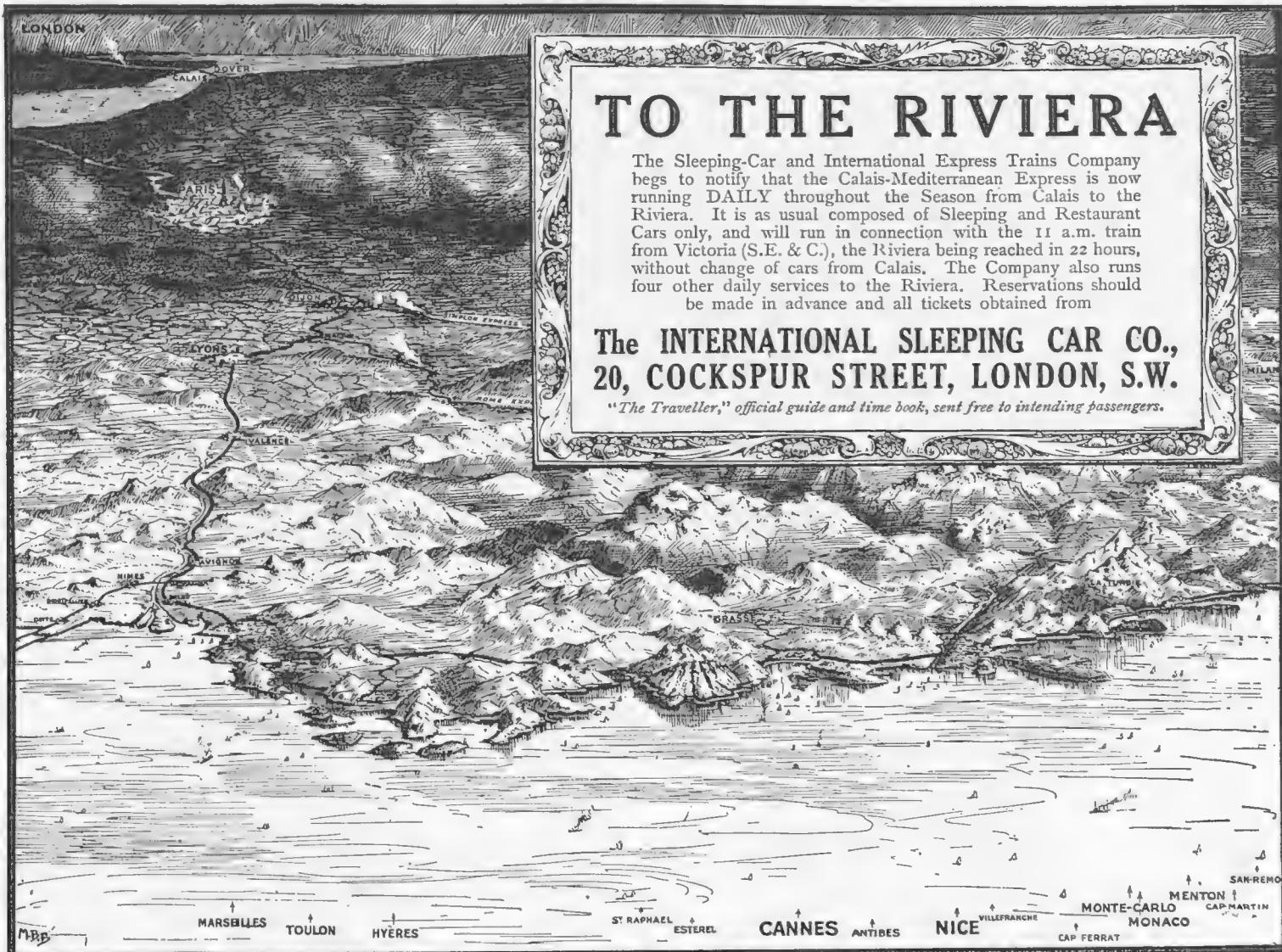
An Inspiration in Perfume.

A perfume suggesting all the luxury and splendour of the Orient, Shem-el-Nessim, the Scent of Araby, possesses a daintiness and distinction which appeals strongly to all who love sweet scents. The essence of a thousand flowers culled from the famed Gardens of Araby, it is delicate, fragrant, and lasting, yet never overpowering.

The employment of one perfume throughout the whole range of toilet accessories gives that sense of harmony and refinement which is associated with a person of taste. Shem-el-Nessim is the ideal scent for this purpose, and has been combined with a complete selection of toilet articles, each possessing the delicate fragrance of the original perfume so that this luxury of the East can be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

Shem-el-Nessim and its various preparations can be obtained of all chemists and perfumers. Perfume, 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6. Hair Lotion, 3/3. Toilet Water, 3/- Bath Crystals, 2/6 and 4/6. Face Powder, 1/-. Dentifrice, 1/-. Toilet Cream, 1/9 per pot. Soap, 1/- per tablet. Brilliantine, 1/- and 1/9. Sachet, 6d. Cachous, 3d. per box.

J. GROSSMITH & SON,
Newgate Street, London, E.C.



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For details of larger sizes write for list No. 15



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Where a room cannot be set aside for billiards, these tables are most convenient. Being built in exact proportion they give the same accurate game as on the full size. They are beautifully made, and form a handsome piece of furniture as a dining table, and can be converted in a few seconds into a perfect billiard table.

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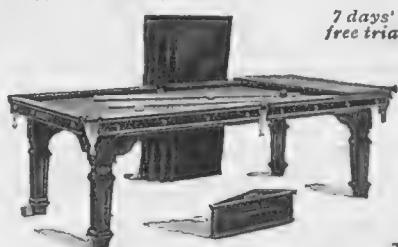
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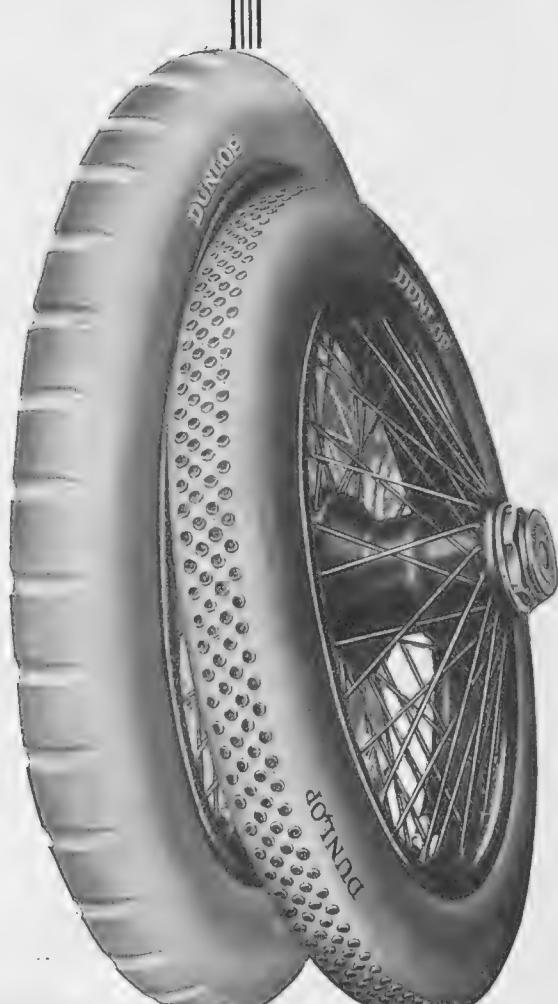
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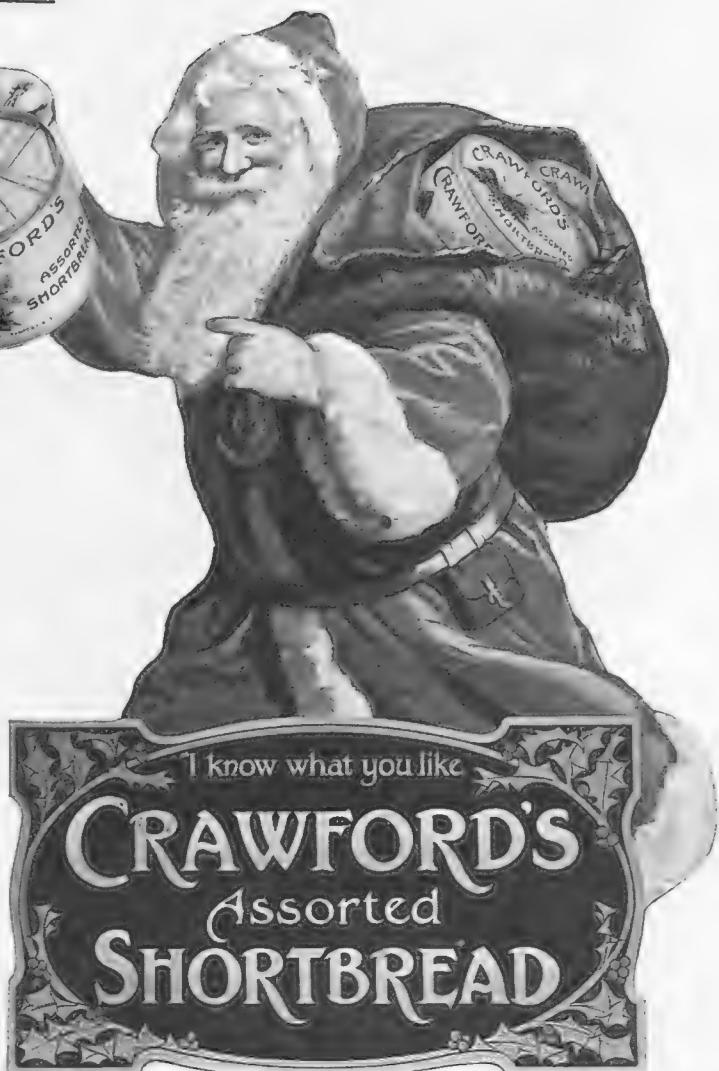
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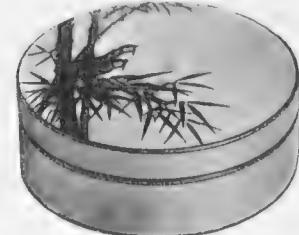


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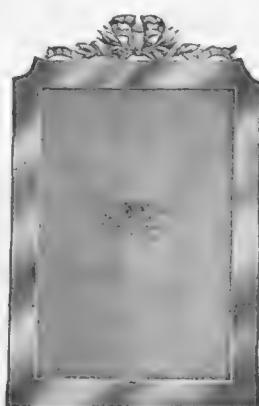
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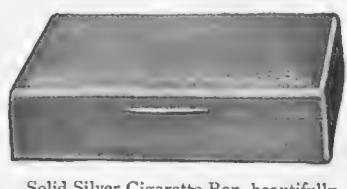
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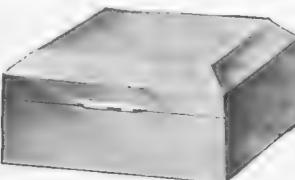
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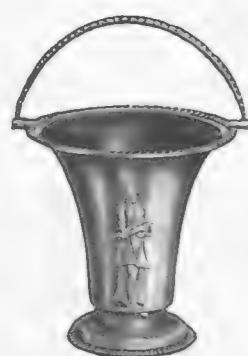
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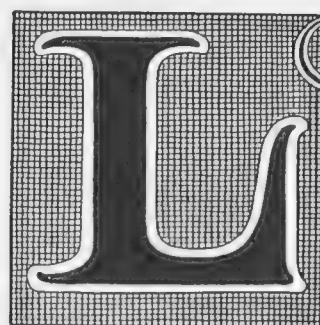
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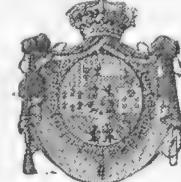
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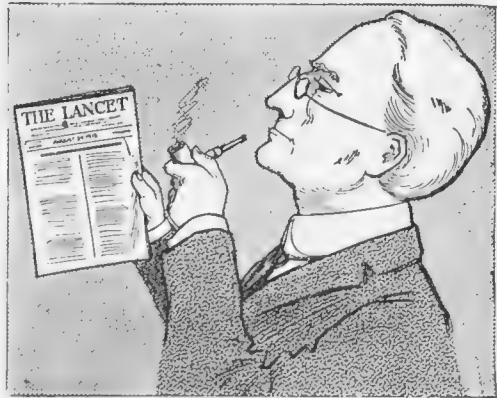
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Doll Type. Just now, like everybody else, I am occupied with dressing one of 100,000 dolls. My especial puppet is supposed to represent an intellectual and vivacious young lady in "The Story of a Modern Woman," who died an early death. Now, I may clothe her in modish blue velvet, with furs and a vast hat, but I am hopeless before the stolid, pink stupidity of her countenance. When I was a very small inhabitant of this globe, I frankly detested dolls. Friends gave them to me, but I could look on unmoved while brothers, with the instincts of the masculine person, roasted them before a fire or dropped them from the top balcony of a tall London house. At that time I was full of the lust of battle, and preferred tin soldiers, guns which could be fired, and home-made fleets to any curled and befrilled darling in china or wax. But we grow gentler in our manners as we get older, and now, like Queen Victoria and Mrs. Solness, wife of the Master-BUILDER, I can see the charm of the Doll. One would wish, indeed, that she could have another face, for what can be more annoying, *am Ende*, as the Germans say, than those staring, long-lashed eyes, that foolish cherry mouth, and those fat pink cheeks? Is this the type of the eternal feminine which Man seriously admires? For it is man, of course, who designs the children's dolls, and sets this convention of beauty eternally before the younger generation. There is no reason why dolls should not only have faces like human beings, but that there should be a choice of countenances to select from. Yet even those rich beyond the dreams of avarice cannot get a plain, honest doll, or one who resembles any human being they have known. It is a clear case for reform. I am sure the rising generation, who are so alarmingly clever and candid, will not put up much longer with these blonde, insipid, old-fashioned puppet-people.

The Turn of the Children. Many of us have long had an uneasy feeling that children, like other human beings, have, or should have, their "rights." It is not always clear why they should be perpetually coerced: made to eat when they are not hungry (the cats know better), to sleep when they are not tired, to learn tasks for which they are mentally quite unfitted. As a matter of fact, a child is a prisoner, and is treated as such. It must wear clothes it may secretly detest, eat the possibly repulsive food set before it, go to bed—in the dark—at a set hour, and never taste the intoxicating joy of liberty. But worst of all are the lessons which it must learn or be punished, for in this

case we have mental torture added to physical. A distinguished woman-doctor in Italy, having been convinced of the evils of coercion in education and training, has imagined a system in which our tiny contemporaries shall have a reasonable amount of freedom in what they learn and how they learn it. Dr. Montessori collects her small children (in England the experimental class consists of girls) and lets them play about with brooms and dust-pans, with a doll in a cradle, with modelling-wax, with coloured silks, or building bricks. Then there are games in the garden, skipping and the like, and they are taught to lay a table, to collect flowers and leaves, to march or run to inspiriting tunes. It all sounds delightful, but does it fit these diminutive people for Board-school education and strenuous competition in a pitiless world? That such an early education must tend to make bright, charming, and cultivated girls is evident, and we can do with more of such Futurist Movements from Italy. The Montessori system might be grafted on to our own with admirable results.

Those Horn Spectacles.

Suddenly—no one knows why—it has become the mode to put on spectacles, and the more exaggerated and comic the aids to eyesight are, the more does Beauty affect them. Of course, the "glasses" are not worn regularly, but they are occasionally produced, at odd moments, to the bewilderment of the spectator. Rosalind (in Mr. Barrie's, not Shakespeare's play) puts on a pair during her fateful interview with her young admirer. They do not wean him from his affection, nor are they intended to do so. The slight action only shows that Rosalind is furiously "in the movement," for the prettiest women have adopted the fashion of horn spectacles. And they add a piquancy to a certain kind of loveliness which is irresistible. The Juno type of woman, to be sure, the lucky individual with the Greek profile, had best leave the new fashion alone; but the person with brilliant complexion, irregular features, and saucy looks may put on horn "goggles" and look still more alluring. It is all, to be sure, a question of fashion. A decade or so ago, Mr. Henry James wrote a moving tale about a young lady whose prospects in life were blighted because she suffered from myopia. The title of this little tragedy was "Glasses." It would have no meaning in a day when false prejudices are being sedulously rooted out, and when the putting on of spectacles is not so much considered a social crime as a highly sensible proceeding tending to conserve the eyes. So high in favour, indeed, is the new mode, that elaborate leather boxes, stamped and embossed, are being made in which Beauty may keep her horn spectacles.

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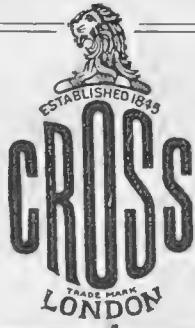
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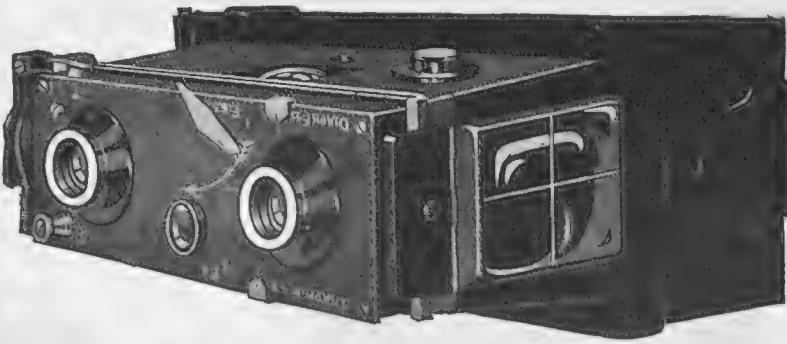
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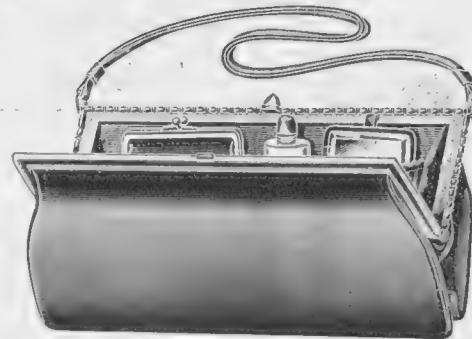


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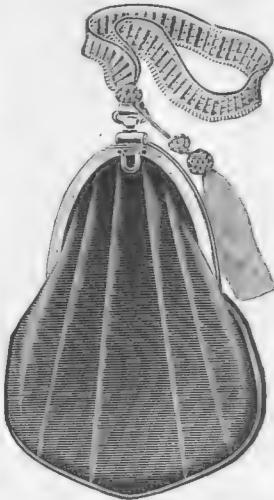
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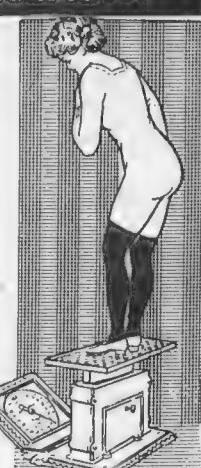
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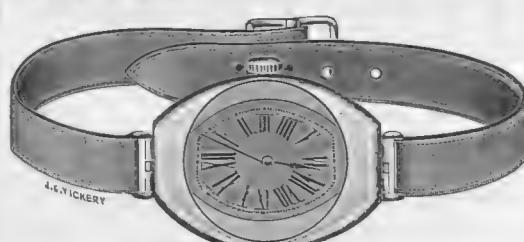
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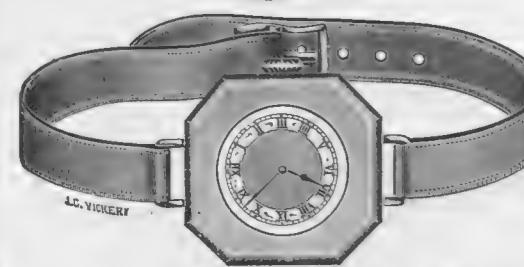
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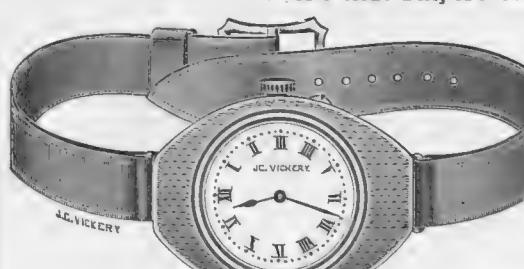
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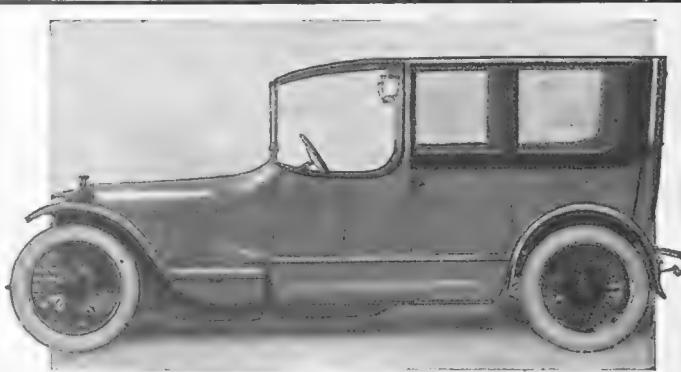
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Miss Marie Tempest in "The Maligner"; the Most Peaceful of the Dogs of War; a Dandy Exhibition; "Twelfth Night"; Charming in Chinchilla; Miss Marie Löhr in "Doormats"; Miss Lydia Kyasht as Swanilda.

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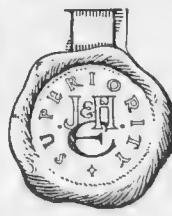
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November 27, 1912.

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Continued from page 252.]
shares was very low." In conclusion, I may mention that I understand there is a movement on foot among the shareholders for the sub-division of the shares into a lower denomination, which is certainly justified and desirable, and should meet with a favourable reception from the directors.

Q.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Of course, what the Stock Exchange wants," declared The Jobber, "is more business."

"Fewer members would produce the same result," suggested The Engineer.

"There's always something in what you say," was The Jobber's handsome compliment, "though, in this case, I doubt whether the lack of trade would be compensated by the happy release of some of our friends who haven't dealt with us for weeks."

The Broker held up his hand in token that the rapier-thrust had gone home.

"There is plenty of scope for a rise in some of the markets, surely," The Merchant remarked. "And the boomlets in Central Londons, Kent Coal railway stocks, and a few others, are proof of the general willingness to deal when there's a good gamble going on."

"The Central London rise was largely professional," The Broker demurred. "And so were the rises in Doras and Chathams," he added.

"Caught out?" asked The Jobber, noticing the shade of tone.

"Not badly, but quite badly enough," was the reply. "One of the chaps in your market almost forced me to sell a bear of Dover 'A.'"

"You brokers always talk like that when a tip goes wrong," the other protested. "Whereas, if you make money out of one, you don't always have the common decency to come and give us a turn on closing the stock."

This little dialogue went on more or less *sotto voce*, but obviously it made The Broker very vexed, for he so indignantly repudiated such action on his own part that the rest of the carriage grew interested.

The Solicitor, always a man of peace (out of business) adroitly changed the subject by observing: "Markets look as if they might go better before Christmas."

"They're better already, I thought."

"Better than they've been, naturally. But I meant we might see a really sharp rise all round."

"Including Consols?" inquired The Banker.

"I doubt whether we shall see Consols at 80 again. Although we might, of course. One never knows what may happen in the Stock Exchange."

"Or under another Government!"

"No politics!" The Engineer enjoined. "By the way, Canadian Pacifics will look cheap when the price is quoted ex twenty-one dollars or so, for the rights."

"Which will be early in the New Year, I take it," said The Jobber.

"Canadas at 250, or thereabouts, will certainly be tempting," The Broker considered. "Still, you must remember that a lot of people bought them on that very assumption."

"You think these bulls will come in and sell when the price goes ex?"

"Might do, you know. There won't be much else to go for, except an increase in the dividend, and perhaps the market will settle down to quiet days for a bit."

"Settle down! Settle down! I'm sick to death," declared The Jobber, "of hearing the papers talk of things settling down! They never settle down. There's always something."

"Odd, isn't it?" commented The Broker, with a dreamy look

in his eyes—"how some things never settle down, and some folks never settle up!"

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

REX.—(1) The finances are so weak that we cannot advise, although reports for the mine are encouraging; (2) The position is very unsatisfactory—leave alone; (3) In view of the heavy depreciation of some of its holdings the position is not good.

NITRATE.—The dividend was disappointing, but directors could have paid more. The outlook is good, and Debentures should be redeemed earlier than was expected. We think shares should be held.

H. A. C.—Many thanks for your letter. We hope to use it next week.

VICARS.—The Australian Company has been through a difficult time, and the Land Tax is a heavy burden, but the outlook is now better. The shares are speculative, and you do not say what price you paid, so it is difficult to advise. Vickers' Ordinary seem a reasonable speculative investment, although their holding in subsidiary Companies is a doubtful asset.

J. B. (Dundee).—(1) A fair bank share if you do not mind the liability; (2) We consider these Debentures as very speculative, and do not advise.

E. U.—We have passed your manuscript on to the Editor.

ARMATEUR.—(1) In view of the reduced working charges, we think the shares should be held; (2) We have no information.

IGNORAMIA.—Tomboy Gold Mine shares look a very fair purchase at their present price.

PLANET (India).—Cicely is one of the best Rubber Companies in the market; the shares are an attractive speculative purchase.

OIL FOR THE EMPIRE.

WE give here the portrait of Mr. W. W. Macalister,

W. W. Macalister, who has just returned from South Africa, whether he has been on a visit of inspection in connection with what may be termed an Imperial enterprise. Oil has been known to exist in the Ceres district of Cape Colony for many years, but hitherto no systematic attempt has been made to develop the industry. Mr. Macalister, who can claim to be the pioneer of the Oil business in South Africa, has succeeded in obtaining control over 150 square miles



A PIONEER OF OIL-DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: MR. W. W. MACALISTER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

in the district named, for the purpose of exploiting the field according to the most modern methods; and in order to do this thoroughly he has registered a Company with a capital of £250,000, called the Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa, Ltd. It is stated that ample working capital has been provided. The district has been very fully reported upon by such eminent experts as W. W. Van Ness (late United States Geological Survey), J. E. Mills Davies, A.I.M.M. (*South African Mining Journal*, Johannesburg), Morris Mencher, Sloboda, Galicia; Frank L. Chapman, Ohio and Milwaukee Oil and Gas Territory, U.S.A.; H. G. Hubbard (late manager Assam Oil Company, Ltd.). In addition, the petroleum films have been analysed and reported upon by W. Gasson, analytical chemist, the present Mayor of Kimberley; and finally a sample of native oil rock has been examined and reported on by the famous expert, Sir Boerton Redwood. All the experts who have visited the properties agree, it is said, that the surface indications are due to the presence of petroleum, and that the geological formation of the district is entirely favourable to the accumulation and storage of petroleum oil in large quantities.

The importance of developing the oil industry in this part of the world cannot be over-estimated, Ceres being within a hundred miles of Simonstown, a South African naval base. At present the value of the imports of oil into South Africa exceeds half a million sterling per annum.



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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR ALL.

(Continued.)

Mightier than the Sword—

And oh! so much pleasanter, is the Swan pen. It is a fountain full of possibilities for presents, as well as full of ink to write the sincerest of seasonable wishes. The firm of Mabie, Todd and Co. have spared no trouble or expense to get their pens perfect; also they have taken every care for the convenience of their clients, and have prepared a list with the dates of posting and prices of postage to places all over the world—places where British men and women will be delighted to receive a gift of a Swan pen, and will immediately put it in commission to express their gratitude. The firm have now pens decorated in Japan in lacquer and inlay that are as beautiful as they are useful, which says very much. Also they have introduced an easy fill which supplies the pen in a few seconds without unscrewing it; it is absolutely clean, and washes the nib and ink-conductor while it fills. Everyone who wants to give the really valued present should send Swan Fountpens.

What are Always Wanted. Really good hair-brushes, such as will get through to the scalp to stimulate it and act on every hair in the head, are always

obtainable at Titterton and Howard's, Great Titchfield Street, W. Using one of these brushes is like head-massage; it does for the hair what exercise does for the muscles. The name on a hair-brush is a guarantee that it is what is required. The bristles are carefully selected, and made into soft, medium, and hard brushes, to suit all requirements. Titterton brushes can be had from all high-class dealers, but, in any difficulty, a line to the manufacturers at the above address will bring satisfaction. There are many shapes and sizes and various heights of bristles. Those who know the drawbacks of using indifferent brushes for their hair will be glad to hear of these, especially at the season of giving, when a brush, or a pair of brushes, makes so suitable a present.

Bright and Strong. When on the look-out for useful presents for Christmas, look in at the very attractive showrooms of the Berndorf Metal Works,

231, Regent Street, W. Therein will be found the most wonderful collection of strong, bright, hygienic cooking-utensils that the heart of a housekeeper could desire. They are in pure solid nickel. There is everything that can be required for the most up-to-date kitchen in the newest shapes. The firm have issued a catalogue which gives excellent illustrations, prices and sizes, also capacity; what it cannot give is the fascinating appearance of the white, bright,

clean-looking metal which it is a pleasure to think of one's food being cooked in. They are non-wasteful, most easily kept clean, and there is hardly ever any need for repairs—the metal is so solid and durable.

Nothing to Beat Them. The present of the year is undoubtedly a Goerz C.D.V., or Tenax camera. These are so small and compact that they can be carried in the vest pocket. The work achieved by them is excellent. Although small, they are very perfect instruments, having all the essentials for the hand-camera. When folded, they lie flat, with no projections, back or front; by pressure on a spring they open, and the camera is held absolutely rigid; when opened they are in sharp focus for all objects at infinity; for those nearer, a focussing-dial is provided, by which objects at three yards can be sharply focussed by the V.P.T., and at two yards by the C.D.V. The result in portraiture is excellent, the subject hardly realising that photography is in progress while the camera is being used. These are delightful presents, for the pleasure they give is so lasting. The traveller and the home-lover alike delight in them. Another Christmas present provided by Goerz are their binoculars. The Trieder binoculars have jumped into fame in a comparatively small number of years; officers of either Service, sportsmen, and travellers all pin their faith to these field-glasses. The new models are the last word in their way; the Goerz Neo Trieder at £7, inclusive of leather-case and slings, is a possession to be proud of. The "Army Trieder" is what every officer wants; it is constructed to withstand climatic influences. The "Marine Trieder" is a valuable thing to navigators and watchers. On application to the C. P. Goerz Optical Works, Ltd., 1-6, Holborn Circus, E.C., very interesting booklets on the Trieder Binoculars, and on the vest-pocket and C.D.V. Tenax cameras, will be forwarded.

Warming the Cockles of the Heart.

There is no more delightful method of imparting the cheery glow to which Irish people thus allude, than by imbibing a small glass of Chartreuse liqueur, either green or yellow. Bottles, or a bottle of it, make a seasonable and much-prized Christmas present, for it is an integral part of good cheer. The monks of old knew a thing or two—among them the secret art of making this delectable liquid. After fights in the law-courts they have preserved their monopoly of this nectar. It is better for being kept, if there are people strong-minded enough to keep it. A large litre bottle of yellow Chartreuse costs from 8s. 6d.; of green Chartreuse, which is stronger, about 11s. 6d. There is nothing like it to act as a digestive after a Christmas dinner; therefore is it a very welcome Christmas gift.

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It is surprising how many women and girls who formerly occupied poorly paid positions have lately entered the profession of beauty culture, a calling in which they are happily and profitably occupied. The ever-increasing demand for beauty culturists is a striking illustration of the trend toward improvement in appearance on the part of wealthy and fashionable women everywhere. There is nothing under the sun so much coveted by women as beauty of face and figure, hence the fabulous fees so frequently spent with the beauty culturist, are the natural incentive for women to desert the less lucrative callings and join the ranks of the prosperous beauty specialists. Another interesting feature of the latter-day parlours for improving the appearance is the extensive patronage from a source formerly of little importance to the beauty culturist; for to-day the men of fashion are regularly enlisting the services of the manicurist and masseuse.

Here, then, seems to be the solution to the problem of the woman or girl who is dissatisfied with her present income or surroundings. Become a beauty culturist. An exceptional opportunity is afforded by an International Institute founded by a prominent woman who has been instrumental in establishing scores of women and girls in this most fascinating and dignified profession. A substantial sum has been expended in printing a treatise entitled "Lessons by Mail in Beauty Culture," which, under a special arrangement, is to be distributed free to all who would become beauty culturists. The treatise is profusely illustrated, containing nearly 100 life-like illustrations and photographic reproductions, showing the wonderful opportunities for the manicurist, the hairdresser, and the masseuse. It describes a remarkably simple and practical way to become an expert in the various branches of beauty culture, and shows how a Beauty Parlour can be started at home at very small expense, or how a visiting practice (calling at the homes of select patrons) can be conducted. A pleasant surprise awaits the first 500 women who write for a copy. All requests should be addressed to Abby Beatrice Knowles, Suite 135A, No. 260, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.



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"The Fifth Trumpet."

BY PAUL BERTRAM.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

Mr. Bertram's novel is nothing if it be not very, very serious. The reference to the bottomless pit on the title-page is amplified by pages devoted to the naughtiness of the Roman Catholic Church—in the fifteenth century, be it understood, for his story opens with the close of the great Council held at Constance during nearly five years, which had for its ostensible object the reforms of various abuses grown to scandal among the clergy. A very unpleasant company of honest Constance citizens hear the resulting canons of the Pope read out to them in a tavern. The chief reform is confined to a cut of the clerical sleeve! And this though "in the neighbouring Swiss Cantons they would accept no priest who had not a regular mistress." But the Church was the supreme, overshadowing power of those Gothic times; quite lately she had burned John Hus, and men choked back their rage for betrayed victims—all but one, the central figure of the story, town clerk and natural son of the king. As is common with ardent idealists, he displayed a complete lack of intuitive knowledge of character, especially of feminine character, which led him into more than one mistake in affairs of the heart. Of course, he was an uncompromising purist, constitutionally incapable of seeing the side for the Church so charmingly put by an Italian papal secretary: "Not the clergy only, but the laity, too—yea, all men, from king and prince down to the robber on the high road—want a church adapted to their frailty. . . . If what is called the corruption of the Church did not suit men's wants so well, could it have continued up to this day? . . . Men want a religion that is not superhuman, that they can bargain with when its demands are too great and hard. And just on account of this tolerance it must be intolerant in outward things and jealous of its orthodoxy." And again when the great licentious cardinal, baffled in the moment of his cruel pleasure, let the idealist, who was also his rival, free of prison, he remarked calmly that, after all, nothing could undermine the power of the Church: "it rests on too broad a basis—yea, the very imperfection of mankind." The Lady Iseult Montorgueil, an Englishwoman, brings a brilliant streak of romance and passion into the ugly theological world. Though a light woman—she had been the Duke of Orleans' mistress—she was much superior to those of her countrywomen who, some said, formed the courtesans of Western Europe; nor was she among those who had succumbed to the dangers and temptations of the then fashionable pilgrimage

to Rome—"ladies whose peculiar charms differed from the usual type were much appreciated"—and for whom snares were laid even by the Popes themselves. Lady Iseult, a brilliant combination of Salomé and Magdalen, achieves success with her prophet in most thrilling circumstances. "The Fifth Trumpet" is as stirring as it sounds, and will delight all Protestants.

"Pickanock."

BY BERTAL HERNERY.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

In the usual sense Pickanock is not a story at all; it is rather a series of films, where men may be seen in the struggle for existence—a joyous struggle in the open of Colonial life. The men are Irish settlers about the forests north of Ottawa, and the simple notes which enable the reader to picture their lumber camp in the pine forest, the construction of their log hut, the daily routine of felling and hauling and sending down stream the timber, not forgetting the small domestic details which belong to home all the world over, read very much like the faithful diary written up from memory—because for a time everyone was too busy doing to record. They contain just the impressions which would crowd a recent retrospect: an encounter with a bear; the lonely death of a blasphemer; a courting and its legitimate sequel; the red-and-black of a fine team of oxen, their horns cut and brass-tipped; the gleam of a great lake through the pines, the glimpse of a milk-white hare with fear and curiosity in its inky eyes; and a continuous tingling of cold, clear air which braces men to great labour and strings them up to disregard the physical hardships of snow and ice. It is amusing to read of the festival with which these Irishmen celebrate the Battle of the Boyne. The 12th of July sees them marching to picnic in the grove shouting the tunes of "Kick the Pope," or "The Protestant Boys," and evading the liquor laws proper to a temperance or "dry" township in honour of the day. The old man whose strapping children multiply and possess the forest came out from Ireland as a schoolmaster. His teaching days over, but still dignified, even stern, and ennobled by a great passion (he was a devoted Churchman), William Hanley stands for all that is best in the old order of authority and culture. His portrait is warm with life; and it might well be the pious work of a son. A certain didactic strain born of habit rather than conviction obtrudes at times, but cannot dull the bright flame of living which belongs to the day's work "amid the odours, the sights, the sounds, the charm, and the spell which the forest casts even over men who think little, or not at all, of how and why Nature lures them to her bosom."

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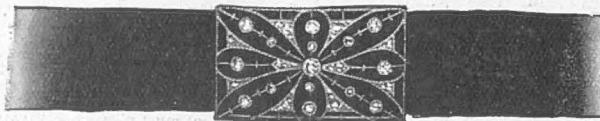
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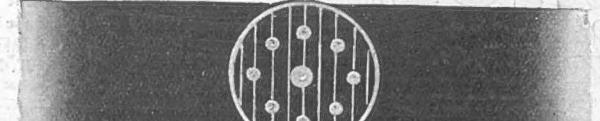
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GENERAL NOTES.

On behalf of the sufferers from the war and the refugees in Greece the Hellenic Community in London have formed a Ladies' Committee, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, and presided over by Mme. Gennadius, wife of the Greek Minister, for soliciting subscriptions for the thousands of destitute refugees, the destitute families of those at the front, and for the sick and wounded. The need of such aid is most urgent. Cheques should be payable to Messrs. Ralli Bros., crossed "Not negotiable a.c. payee," and addressed to N. Giannacopulo, Esq., The Hellenic Community of London General Relief Fund, c/o Messrs. Ralli Bros., 25, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

The utmost consideration should be shown to our poor over-exposed faces in these days of fogs, cold winds, and moist, damp days. We are apt to treat our skins much too casually; protection can so easily and safely be accorded by the use of Cimolite preparations. The powder is a white one, possessing most remarkable healing qualities. It should be freely used in all cases of excoriations, roughness, or chafing of the skin. As a preventive of these ills Cimolite face-powder, which is of microscopic fineness, over some Cimolite toilet cream, is without rival. Cimolite soap is also valuable,

as it is free from objectionable alkalinity. So excellent is it for the nursery that for many years it has been patronised by the Empress of Russia. Men like it for shaving, and also use the toilet cream.

No doubt many of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the delightful Heath Robinson originals which have been on view at the Brook Street Art Gallery. The exhibition consisted of Mr. W. Heath Robinson's drawings in colour, illustrating his own book, "Bill the Minder," and there were also included a number of the originals of black-and-white humorous drawings which have appeared in *The Sketch*. That Mr. Heath Robinson is not only a clever pictorial humourist, but also an admirable colourist and decorative illustrator, will be manifest to those who get the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*.

There is no way of passing the time more quickly and pleasantly than by playing intelligent and clever games. De la Rue's sole agents, The International Card Company, West India House, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, have a treasure-trove of these. Pictorial card-games—"Jungle Jinks," "Peter Pan," "Animal Grab," "Noah's Ark"; card-games—"Snap," "Golliwog," and others, are unfailing pleasures; "Colonel," by "Jackpot," a new and excellent card-game that can be had of all stationers, will assuredly be a great favourite.

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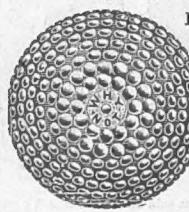
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